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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

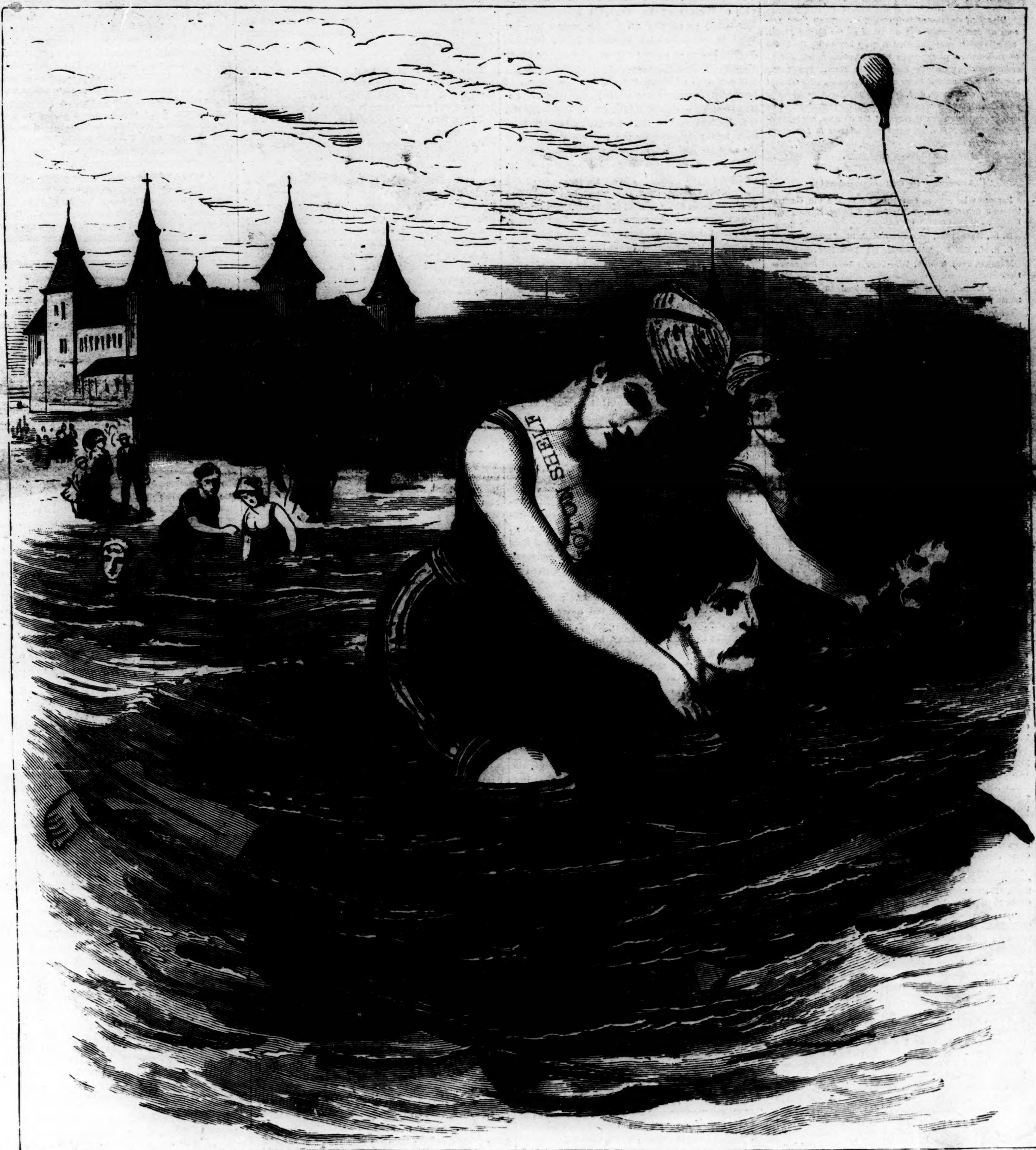
THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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Vol. XXXIV.—No. 94

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1879.

Price Ten Cents.



NOVEL AQUATIC CONTEST—TWO SWIMMING EXPERTS, EACH CARRYING WEIGHT IN THE SHAPE OF ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS OF FEMININE BEAUTY, ENGAGE IN AN EXCITING TRIAL OF SKILL, AT MANHATTAN BEACH, N. Y.—See Page 2.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

The Oldest Illustrated Weekly. Established 1846

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.
Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1879.

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To Artists and Photographers.

We solicit sketches of noteworthy occurrences from persons of artistic ability in all parts of the United States. We also invite photographers in every section of the Union to forward us photographs of interesting events and of individuals prominently concerned in them. The matter should be forwarded to us at the earliest possible moment after the occurrence, and, if acceptable, will be liberally paid for. Persons capable of producing such sketches, as well as photographers throughout the country, are respectfully requested to send name and address to this office. This will on no occasion be published, unless desired, but is simply held as a guarantee of good faith.

Answers to Correspondents.

Persons who cannot conveniently obtain the GAZETTE through new dealers, will confer a favor if they will notify us of that fact, with address.

H. L., West Point, Ga.—Have made brief mention.

G. B. M., McNutt, Miss.—Item is of local interest only.

MARSHAL FISH, Moline, Ill.—Accept thanks for courtesies.

CHIEF MALOV, Albany, N. Y.—Arrived in good time; many thanks.

CORRESPONDENT, Columbus Junction, Iowa.—Could not make use of item.

CORRESPONDENT, Houston, Texas.—Matter appears. Inform us as to the effect.

ARTIST, Charleston, S. C.—Sketch acceptable; will take the other at the same rate.

CORRESPONDENT, Sedalia, Mo.—See article, with illustration, elsewhere in this issue.

R. B., Stanford, Ky.—Send it along, and if it is worth publishing will give it a place.

A. C. M., Atlanta, Ga.—Will appear in our next; crowded out this week. Further by mail.

MARSHAL BLAIR, Springfield, Mass.—Thanks for attention; have written you concerning it.

T. R., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Have published account. Shall be glad to have you keep us posted.

J. M., Fort Shaw, M. T.—Item too late for this issue; will be published in our next; thanks for favors.

S. C. M. R., Lamourie Bridge, La.—Will appear in our next; too late for this week; other matter attended to; thanks.

C. J. J., Cadiz, O.—Have published account of the affair. Can you not send us portraits of the murderer or the victim, or both?

A. M. G., Kingston, N. Y.—Portrait held over. It appears to be a matter of so little general interest that it is doubtful if we use it at all.

G. H., Cadiz, O.—Don't publish nigger scandals. Such a matter as that is too common with the race to be a scandal at all.

MARSHAL OWEN.—Item noted; much obliged for attention. Let us know if there are any further developments. Other matter will be attended to.

W. S. F., Memphis, Tenn.—Published account of the occurrence, with illustration, in our issue of June 28. Thanks for the attention, however.

G. N. S., Hazelton, Ind.—Could make no use of it; we pay according to the character of the matter and its value to us, varying greatly, of course, in different cases.

E. W. M., Phillips, Wis.—Account is too lengthy and of too little general interest to warrant us in publishing it at this time. Much obliged for the attention, however.

H. F. S., Canton, Mo.—The lady is in New York now, we believe. Do not know her address in the city, but a letter directed to her in care of the New York Clipper, will reach her.

J. E. M., Belfast, Me.—No, we have not yet had an account of the occurrence further than a bare outline of the facts. If you can give us fuller particulars, with photos of the parties, we should like to have it.

FELIX, Chattanooga, Tenn.—Portrait, with account, published. Much obliged for the attention. You are mis taken as to the other matter. An account of it, though possibly not yours, did appear at the time.

W. O. P., Lynn, Mass.—The portraits are not of use at present, the originals not being connected with matter of current interest in our line, and as we have so many that are, will return them. Item furnished had been published previously.

H. V. W., New Orleans.—Have already returned you the portrait by mail to the address given in your former communication, as we were unable to use the accompanying matter under the circumstances. If you have not recovered the photo it is the fault of the mail, not ours.

R. B., St. Louis.—We can hardly give you any instructions of a general nature: as a rule it would be useless to send accounts of matters of general interest, because we should have sufficiently full telegraph account long before yours would arrive. Matter must be on hand at this office by Wednesday morning, at most, to ensure publication in forthcoming issue. Of course we should give a correspondent's account the preference, other things being equal, but we are obliged, as you will understand, to catch such affairs "on the fly." If you send us correct outline sketches of the occurrences in good season we can, most likely, make use of them.

REPARATION FOR AN IRREPARABLE WRONG.

An attempt has been made in official circles to render some reparation to Dr. Hull for the grievous wrong done him by the action of the police in directing suspicion against him, up to the time of the apprehension of the real assassin by a Boston reporter, as the murderer of his wife. This attempt comes in the shape of a declaration that those prominent in the case, prior to the time of the arrest of Cox, had placed no faith in the statement of the ex-convict, but accepted it as all other communications and suggestions bearing upon the matter were received. This may, perhaps, be comforting to the innocent victim of police "theories," but we doubt if it will altogether rid him of an occasional shudder when he reflects upon the admission of one of the very signers of that acknowledgment, made in the heat of the police enthusiasm and self-congratulation over the capture, and before there was time to formulate a policy in regard to the situation, namely, that had not the real murderer been secured by the Boston journalist, there was nothing to prevent the police from following out their theory to the extent of sending him to the Tombs or to the gallows.

It is, indeed, an ugly thing to reflect upon, not only on the part of the venerable gentleman who has made so narrow an escape from a fate the most to be dreaded that can possibly befall a human being, but also on that of the public whose misfortune it is to be dominated by such a force, and any one of whom, it is within the bounds of possibility, may one day stand in the fearful position recently occupied by Dr. Hull. Undoubtedly, too, the insinuation that the letting of the statement was prompted by the persistent efforts of the press to give importance to the "revelation" of the ex-convict, must strike the doctor forcibly. In view of the part played by the newspapers in the case, this must be interpreted as a bit of the richest sort of humor. To be sure the subject is not altogether consistent with levity, but then the police must have their little joke, even if it takes the shape of breaking a citizen's head or putting an innocent man's neck in a noose.

AHEAD OF AH SIN.

The "Heathen Chinese," since he has become an established feature of our social economy, has acquired a well-earned reputation for "cuteness," even surpassing that of the traditional Yankee of by-gone days. Intimate acquaintance with his characteristics, obtained through his domestication among us, has led to a general agreement with the opinion expressed by "Truthful James" in his account of the memorable game of euchre, in which he and his "pard," Bill Nye, "took a hand" with the bland and child-like Ah Sin, namely, that "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" the exotic from the Celestial Land, as we know him in America, is decidedly "peculiar."

A little incident in Charleston, West Virginia, recently has, however, brought to light some facts that show that Sambo, under the development of freedom, is capable of a degree of cultivation that will enable him to seriously dispute the pre-eminence of Ah Sin and his compatriots in regard to this sort of "peculiarity."

In the town alluded to, a negro was arrested a few days since for an assault upon a white man, and, in the investigation that ensued, a case was brought to light that is, to say the least, remarkable.

It appears that the negro in question and an accomplice had, for about a year, been forging the name of a respectable young lady resident of the place to letters which they delivered to a young man, who, in full faith that they were genuine, kept up the bogus correspondence for that length of time, meanwhile furnishing money, jewelry and other valuables at the supposed request of his innamorato. The humorous part of it is that the young lady herself not only knew nothing of the transaction, but did not even know the credulous youth whom the wily negroes were all this time bleeding in her name. The latter, being the medium through which the letters and presents passed, of course pocketed the proceeds of this phenomenal correspondence, regularly and squarely dividing the spoils, which, it is stated, amounted to some \$700.

It may be supposed that there are at least two individuals in Charleston who are about as mad as it is possible for human beings to be since this "funny business" has been revealed, and it is hard to say which is the maddest, the young lady whose name has been taken in vain so ruthlessly, or the confiding young man who has been victimized by this more than "Heathen Chinese" dodge of the African sharpers. Meanwhile, further developments are awaited with lively interest by the Charlestonians.

Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portraits.]

Our gallery receives this week a notable addition in the portraits of three fair members of the theatrical profession, of whom two at least are not unknown to fame on both sides of the Atlantic. Miss Viola Clifford, burlesque artiste and vocalist, and a lady of more than ordinary symmetry of form and grace of carriage, is well known to admirers of the burlesque stage in this country, and is decidedly one of the

most popular and talented ladies in that line of business now before the public. Mlle. Bartolletti, *premiere danseuse*, is a Parisian by birth, and made her first appearance on American boards in the brilliant spectacular drama of "Sardanapalus," in that capacity, at Booth's Theatre, in this city, under the management of Jarrett & Palmer, in the fall of 1876. She afterwards traveled with the company through the country, winning the high opinion of theatre-goers everywhere by her professional ability, grace and personal attractiveness. Subsequently she appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, London and at the Grand Opera House, Paris. Mlle. Elise, of the Cirque et Theatre Historique, Paris, has earned quite a celebrity by her rendition of the character of *Oceana*, in the costume of which she is represented in the portrait, in the now celebrated play of "Les Pirates de la Savanne" ("The Pirates of the Prairie"), in which she has appeared during a prolonged and highly successful run of the piece at that theatre.

A Novel Aquatic Contest.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The bathing season at the many charming contiguous sea-side resorts, with which New York is specially blest, is now at its height, and every day Coney Island and Manhattan Beach, the chiefly favored spots of the city's teeming multitudes, are thronged with joyous crowds of pleasure-seekers who swarm upon the beach and, in their efforts to crowd as much enjoyment as possible into a few hours of holiday, give to those places a degree of animation and excitement such as is to be witnessed at no other bathing resort in the world.

The social atmosphere may not be quite as high-toned as some others, the ever changing crowds and the general characteristics rendering it essentially democratic, but that there is more real pleasure and rollicking fun, to the square inch, than the civilized world can exhibit elsewhere, no one who has ever shared it, unless hampered by an over-fastidious soul, will attempt to dispute.

Numerous are the freaks of the jovial pleasure-seekers, and gambols that, in the staid localities where straight-laced society ordains the summer retreat of those who bow to its dictates, would render the participants the observed of all observers and cause Mrs. Grundy to look askance, occasion no more than passing observation amid the general hilarity.

A few days since, however, a novel aquatic contest was the source of attraction to the visitors, as being considerably beyond the ordinary. A party from the city, consisting of two ladies, each accompanied by a gentleman escort, were enjoying a surf bath near the Manhattan Beach Hotel. The ladies were pretty and plump, each turning the scales at about one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and, attired in their coquettish bathing costumes, presented so attractive an appearance as could not fail to take the eye, even in the throng of charming female figures there congregated. The gentlemen were both expert swimmers, athletic and well matched. One of them finally made a proposition that they should have a contest of their swimming powers, each carrying weight in the shape of his lady friend, the loser to furnish a champagne supper for the party at the Manhattan Beach Hotel. The proposal was acceded to and the ladies, though unable to swim were "game" to take their part in the match. Taking his fair companion on his back, therefore, each boldly struck out for deep water, which they gained after several misadventures in the way of being doused by the rollers, which were taken fearlessly and laughingly by the ladies. The novel trial was watched with great interest by those on shore, and, on their return, after a sharp and closely contested race which spoke well for the strength and endurance of both, the winning and losing contestants were received alike with enthusiasm by the admiring groups as they wended their way wearily but good humoredly to the bathing-houses, to prepare themselves for a mutual division of the stakes at the hotel.

Murderer Latrimouille's Sentence.

[With Portrait.]

ALBANY, N. Y., June 30.—It was almost impossible to gain an entrance to the City Hall this afternoon, so dense was the crowd desirous of being present when sentence was passed upon Hilaire Latrimouille, convicted on the 27th, of the murder of Miss Dunsbach. The officers were almost powerless to control the crowd, and preparations were made to take Judge Westbrook into the court room through one of the windows. Additional officers were procured, however, and a passage way was forced.

The Judge having taken his seat on the bench, Mr. Stevens, of counsel for the prisoner, moved for a further suspension of sentence, to give him necessary time to prepare papers for a motion for a new trial. He declared that the verdict rendered was a compromise, meaningless to the Court but not to the jury. It was an error of the Court in not ordering the jury back to their rooms to correct their verdict. One of the jurors, who had voted for murder in the second degree, only yielded when he was given to understand by his fellow jurors that if the jury recommended the prisoner to mercy it was in the discretion of the Court to sentence the prisoner to imprisonment for life.

Judge Westbrook declined to grant a stay, and Mr. Stevens then read the affidavit of William D. Abbott, alleging that Robert J. McAuley, one of the jurors in the case, had expressed to him his firm conviction of the innocence of the accused and that the jury were sure not to agree on a verdict.

Juror McAuley emphatically denies the statements attributed to him, and says that Abbott is an enemy of his. It is also alleged Abbott does not bear a good reputation.

Judge Westbrook again declined to suspend sentence, saying that no action of the Court could interfere with Governor Robinson if he desired to grant Executive clemency.

The prisoner was then sworn, and, after giving his name, said he was twenty-four years of age, born in Canada, a blacksmith by occupation, and a member of the Roman Catholic Church. In answer to the usual question whether he had anything to say why

sentence should not be pronounced, the culprit replied:

"Well, the evidence sworn to is false. I am not guilty of this crime. I have nothing else to say."

Judge Westbrook then sentenced Latrimouille to be hanged on Wednesday, August 30, 1879, between ten A. M. and three P. M. The prisoner showed some signs of emotion, but a few minutes later was laughing as usual. Judge Van Alstyne and many members of the bar declared they had never seen a man more indifferent to his fate. On his way to the jail, Latrimouille told the officer that it was "d—d hot in the court-room."

An Injured Wife's Awful Self-Destruction.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Bristol, R. I., July 1.—A few weeks ago the wife of Postmaster Pearce of this place shot her husband in the head while he slept. There was much mystery about the affair, as she did not acknowledge the act, and the postmaster hesitated to accuse her of it. He recovered. Mrs. Pearce afterward attempted to commit suicide. Her husband declared that she was insane, but said that he would avoid sending her to an asylum, if possible.

Yesterday when Mr. Pearce went to dinner he found the door of his house fastened. He forced an entrance, and going to a chamber found Mrs. Pearce in bed wrapped in flames. It seems that she had saturated the bed clothing with kerosene, laid down and set the bed on fire. The fire was extinguished, but Mrs. Pearce was so badly burned that she cannot recover.

It is stated that her act was occasioned by her husband's familiarity with a Providence girl, who, it is said, recently went to the house to demand satisfaction for causing her ruin. He was not at home. Mrs. Pearce, when she heard the story, flew into a rage and drove the girl out of the house. A few days after, ward occurred the mysterious shooting at Pearce's house, and he allowed the impression to go abroad that the girl fired the shot at him before he left his bed. It was subsequently ascertained that the shooting was done by his wife, who had been driven almost crazy by her husband's unfaithfulness. Two days later Mrs. Pearce attempted to cut her throat, but her life was saved by the prompt arrival of a physician.

After this startling event the woman who had been the cause of Pearce's domestic troubles met him on the street, and, after upbraiding him for his conduct, drew a pistol, but before she could pull the trigger, the weapon was taken away from her and she was arrested. She was subsequently released, and owing to the great influence of the postmaster, who is one of the leading politicians of the state, the affair was hushed up, and she has never been brought to trial.

The case has created a great sensation, and there is much sympathy for Mrs. Pearce. Both she and her husband have moved in the best circles, but his immorality has shut all doors against him.

A High-Toned Dutch Defaulter.

[With Portrait.]

On another page we give a portrait of Lodewyk Pincoffs, formerly of the firm of Kerdyk & Pincoffs, in Rotterdam, Holland; also director of the African Trade Company and Rotterdam Commercial Company, and member of the First Chamber of the States General of the Netherlands. Pincoffs stood high in Hebrew circles, to which he belonged, and in the social and business world generally, but, tempted by the opportunities afforded by the positions of trust he occupied, he became a defaulter to an immense amount. Many millions of money were lost, and extensive failures in the stock and money markets, involving the ruin of numerous private fortunes, resulted from his defalcations, causing universal dismay and indignation.

Pincoffs escaped justice, through American aid, it is stated, having absconded to this city, whither he sailed in the steamer Germania on May 15th last, accompanied by his wife, a daughter of the noted Amsterdam banker, Raphael, and three sons, the eldest of whom was director of the Netherlands Gas Company and the second was a member of the firm of Hoyne & Pincoffs, who were greatly compromised by these dishonest acts.

Charles Marcus, Post-Office Burglar.

[With Portrait.]

Charles Marcus, whose portrait appears in this issue, is the individual who burglarized the Moline, Ill., post-office on the night of December 10th, and for whom City Marshal Fish, of that place and his men have been making vigorous search. He was finally arrested at Muscatine, Iowa, on the 23rd ult., by Special Agent Stewart, of the Post-Office Department.

He was taken to Chicago, where, on the 24th he was examined before U. S. Commissioner Hoyne, was held to the U. S. District Court on \$3,000 bail and was re-committed to jail in default thereof.

Marcus is a noted and dangerous criminal of many aliases. He is well educated, is said to be the son of an Episcopal minister in Worcester, Mass., and formerly held responsible positions as bank cashier and the like. He has been in numerous scrapes for his felonious doings and the crime referred to, which secured his arrest, was but one of a long series of burglaries, robberies of post-offices, which he seems to have made a sort of specialty, and numerous other offenses against the law.

Kemmler, the Fiendish Filicide.

[With Portrait.]

On another page we give a portrait of John Kemmler, the fiendish murderer of his three little daughters, at South Holyoke, Mass., an account of which sickening crime, instigated, as he represented, by a desire to have them "go straight to Heaven," instead of growing up to be bad, was fully detailed and illustrated in our preceding issue.

Outrageous Case of Incendiarism.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., June 23.—An incendiary set fire to a cabin full of negroes on Sheriff McGowan's farm, near Bartlett, this county, Saturday night, totally destroying the shanty, the inmates barely escaping cremation alive. No clew has been discovered, notwithstanding a diligent investigation by the county officials.

CAPITAL AGAINST LABOR.

A Wealthy New York Banker Becomes Involved in a Quarrel With his Coachman, and, Either in a Fit of Passion,

OR TO SAVE HIS OWN LIFE,

Fatally Shoots his Employee, and is Threatened With Lynching by the Indignant Compatriots of the Latter.

CONTRADICTION VIEWS OF THE CASE.

[With Illustrations.]

Joseph A. Blair, who is paying teller of the Mechanics' National Bank of this city, and who lives at Montclair, N. J., shot and mortally wounded his coachman, John Armstrong, Thursday evening 26th ult. Mr. Blair is now in the custody of the sheriff of Essex county. Armstrong was taken to St. Michael's Hospital, Newark, N. J.

On Wednesday evening, 25th., Mr. Blair, whose house is on the Orange road, near Fullerton avenue, and about three-fourths of a mile from the Morris and Essex Railroad station, went with his wife to dine at the house of Mr. Oglesby. Before leaving home he left word for the coachman to come for them later in the evening. Armstrong obeyed orders, apparently, but the next day, Thursday, while Mr. Blair was returning home from this city, somebody told him that Armstrong had been seen the night before abusing Mr. Blair's horses, whipping them and driving them at a furious rate on the road leading to Mr. Oglesby's house. He was also told that Armstrong had

STOPPED ON THE ROAD TO GET DRINKS.

Mr. Blair got home about five o'clock on the afternoon of the affair, and soon afterwards went out to the stable to question his coachman. When he entered the stable and began to talk with the man several persons were seated on the lawn near by, near enough to hear a part at least of the conversation. Edward Roselot, the gardener, was in another part of the barn and heard most of it, he says.

Mr. Blair made a full statement to his counsel, W. A. Arnoux, of this city, and W. R. Weeks, of Newark. He says that he went out to the stable feeling pretty sorely vexed, but resolved to put the case very mildly to his coachman. He first asked Armstrong, "How did you get over to Mr. Oglesby's last?" to which the coachman replied, "It's none of your business how I got there so long as I got there." Then Mr. Blair, as he says, asked the coachman whether he had drunk any beer that evening, to which Armstrong replied that he had not, but that if he had it was nobody's business, and added that "Montclair was a queer place for finding out everything that people did." At this Mr. Blair said that he would not have such a man as Armstrong about his place, to which the coachman replied with another oath that if he didn't like it

HE COULD PAY HIM AND LET HIM GO.

Armstrong had been in Mr. Blair's employ three weeks. Mr. Blair told him that he would pay him for the time he had been there and that he could go. The coachman replied that he wouldn't take anything short of his full month's wages. Mr. Blair said that he would send to the nearest justice of the peace and let him decide what should be paid, and ordered the coachman to harness a horse and drive over to Justice Pillsbury's. Armstrong at first refused to obey, but afterwards began to harness the horse, and Mr. Blair went out of the stable. Presently Armstrong went out and said he "would be" if he would harness the horse for any such thing, at which Mr. Blair ordered him to leave the stable and give up the keys. This the coachman refused to do, and added: "See here, now, I don't want any more of this nonsense." The order was repeated, and the coachman replied, as Mr. Blair says, "I'll see you first."

By this time the conversation had become so loud that Mrs. Blair became alarmed and went out to the stable. The coachman objected to her presence, saying that it was no place for her. The ladies who were seated on the lawn said that from the first they heard all that the coachman said, as he spoke very loud and

USED VERY PROFANE LANGUAGE.

They could hear Mr. Blair, but he spoke in a lower key and they could not tell what he said.

After the coachman had refused to give up the keys, according to Mr. Blair's statement, he added that the stable was no place for a gentleman, and that if Mr. Blair was a gentleman he would not be in the stable interfering with the coachman. "I'll blow out your brains," he added, "if you try to come in again." At this Mr. Blair went into the house and armed himself with a Smith & Wesson's self-cocking revolver. On his way back to the stable he was met by one of the servants, a girl named Ophelia, who asked him not to mind what John had said, as he was in a very ugly temper. Mr. Blair said he could manage his own affairs and went on toward the stable. At the same time he told Mrs. Blair and the other ladies on the lawn to go into the house, a direction which they obeyed. Meeting the coachman he again demanded the keys of his stable. The coachman replied, with an oath, "I'll give you the keys," and started up stairs where there was another pistol, one that Mr. Blair had bought for his former coachman, who

WAS AFRAID OF TRAMPS.

When the coachman reached the top of the stairs Mr. Blair said, "Don't you open that door," meaning the door of the coachman's room. Roselot, the gardener, says that he heard Mr. Blair say this. Mr. Blair had one hand on the left shoulder of the coachman and held his revolver in the other. As the coachman, who was a powerful man, pushed the door open Mr. Blair fired, shooting him in the back near the spine. Still the coachman pressed on, and, as Mr. Blair says,

seizing the revolver, which lay on a shelf, turned and presented it at Mr. Blair's breast. This revolver was an old-fashioned five-barreled powder and ball weapon, and it happened that the barrel over which the hammer was cocked was not loaded, all the other barrels being loaded and capped. Mr. Blair fired a second shot. The ball took effect in the coachman's shoulder-blade, so that his back must have been turned to Mr. Blair.

All the inmates of the house heard the shots, and Mrs. Blair, who was wild with anxious excitement, exclaimed, "Oh, I am afraid the coachman has killed my husband!" A moment later, however, Mr. Blair rushed into the house, and, throwing up his arms in front of his wife, said, "If I hadn't shot John,

"I WOULD BE A DEAD MAN NOW."

The coachman after receiving the two shots walked down stairs and fell just outside the stable door. Mr. Blair went to him. The gardener, Roselot, was there, and Armstrong, looking up, said, "That man has murdered me." Mr. Blair ordered brandy from the house, told Roselot and the other servants to finish harnessing the horse and to go immediately for doctors. Then he went up stairs to the coachman's room, brought down the pistol, and, showing it to the wounded man, said, "John, there's the pistol you were going to shoot me with," and added, "John, you know that you've brought all this upon yourself." Armstrong looked up and said in a faint voice, "You've killed me." He was groaning with pain.

The man who went to summon the doctors brought two back with him and a third arrived soon after. Drs. Butler and Berry probed the wounds, but could not find the balls. At this time the wounded man was lying in bed up stairs in Mr. Blair's house. Somebody had gone for a priest, who upon his arrival asked for a private interview. After the priest had been alone with the wounded man for some time Armstrong sent for Mr. Blair, as Mr. Blair's counsel states, and told him that he

FORGAVE HIM FOR WHAT HE HAD DONE.

By the direction of the priest Armstrong was then sent to St. Michael's Hospital, in Newark.

Before he was taken away, however, a crowd had assembled in front of Mr. Blair's house. Justice Pillsbury, who is one of the oldest and most respected residents of the place, arrived, having been sent for by Mr. Blair himself. He said that he could not arrest Mr. Blair unless somebody made a complaint, at which Mr. Blair said, "That is not necessary. I surrender myself to you to do as you please with me. I don't deny that I shot the man, but I did it in self-defense." A deputy sheriff was there, and Justice Pillsbury, after appointing an extra officer, turned Mr. Blair over to their custody, advising that the prisoner be allowed to remain in his own house for the night and that the officers remain with him, occupying the same room. Justice Pillsbury also went out and made a speech to the excited crowd, saying he hoped they had enough respect for themselves, for the law and for him not to attempt to interfere, but to leave the matter entirely to him. He also told them that the prisoner would be permitted to remain in his own house for the night, with two officers on guard; that he would be brought up for examination the following morning, and that

STRICT JUSTICE WOULD BE METED OUT TO HIM. Before he was removed to St. Michael's Hospital, in Newark, Armstrong made the following ante-mortem statement:

"I am thirty-two or thirty-three years old, was born in Dublin, Ireland, and have been in the employ of Joseph Blair as coachman and gardener; about five o'clock on evening of June 26 Mr. Blair came home, and I took the horse from the front door and put him in the stable; in about half an hour Mr. Blair came to the stable where I was bedding the horses; he asked me why I beat the horses down town yesterday; he was told that I stopped and sent into a saloon, got a glass of beer and drank it while I was in the buggy; all sorts of harsh words passed between us; he went to the house and got a pistol; he asked me to hitch up the horse, which I did; he came and pulled out the pistol and asked me for the keys of the stable; I then went up stairs; he followed me and shot me twice; he then went down stairs, and I followed him and laid down outside the barn; then he went up stairs again and got an old pistol and took it into the house."

Mr. Blair's pistol was taken possession of by the officers. Three of its chambers contained cartridges and the other two were empty. The coachman's pistol had four loaded barrels and one empty barrel, as it had before the altercation. On the 27th the prisoner was taken before Justice Pillsbury. Mr. Arnoux and Mr. Weeks appeared as his counsel, and Mr. Abner Kellish, of Newark, volunteered as counsel for the state in the absence of the district attorney. The examination was short. The proceedings were witnessed by a large crowd of spectators, who were

INCLINED TO BE NOISY AND DEMONSTRATIVE.

Mr. Blair's counsel asked that the prisoner be released on bail, offering to produce bonds to the amount of \$10,000. A telegram had been sent to Newark inquiring about Armstrong's condition, and when an answer came that the wounded man would almost certainly die the justice refused to release the prisoner, although bonds to the amount of \$30,000 or anything the court might require were offered. "I shall commit the prisoner to await the result of the man's injuries," said Justice Pillsbury, at which an Irishman who was standing near the justice struck the bench with his fist and said, "And it's very well that he's committed."

Mr. Blair was not taken to the county jail at Newark, but passed the night in the sheriff's custody.

A second ante-mortem statement was taken from Armstrong by County Physician Hewlett after his arrival at the hospital in Newark. The wounded man said that Mr. Blair fired both shots while he (Armstrong) was on the stairs, and denied that he had attempted to shoot Mr. Blair.

Mr. Blair is about thirty-five years old, and has been connected with the Mechanics' Bank of this city for about fifteen years. Armstrong was about thirty years old and a native of Dublin. He came to this

country about six months ago and worked at odd jobs in this city until finally engaged as a coachman by Mr. Blair. He told Roselot, the gardener, that he had been in this country before and had served three years as coachman for a gentleman at Irvington.

A TERRIBLE THUNDERBOLT.

Sad Fate of Two Little Sisters Who Were Struck by Lightning and Instantly Killed While Clasped in Each Other's Arms, During a Sudden Storm.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A fierce thunderstorm burst with sudden fury over Morrisania and the lower districts of Westchester county, N. Y., about half past one o'clock on Sunday afternoon, 29th ult. The heat had been very oppressive, and people everywhere had sought the open air. A modest cottage, occupied by Mr. Wiswell, a master mechanic employed in the car shops of the Harlem railroad company, stands upon a high bluff rising abruptly from Fulton avenue at the intersection of 170th street, half hidden by vines and shade trees. Ample grounds surround the cottage, and tall white oaks stand at the gates. Near the cottage door, between two very large oaks, Mr. Wiswell had built of wooden slabs a seat in which a magnificent view of the surrounding landscape can be obtained. His two bright little girls, Emily, aged six years, and Ada, four and a half, were wont to play there in the shelter of the trees, and George, their brother, a lad of seven, who had been adopted by his grandparents, the family of Mr. Kerr,

WAS THEIR CONSTANT COMPANION.

Mr. Kerr, who is an employe in Arnold & Constable's wholesale house, lives across the road. One wing of the Wiswell cottage is occupied by Miss Colle's private school, and Miss Colle lodges with the family.

On Sunday after the Wiswells had dined, the girls went to their favorite seat with a book of nursery rhymes. Their brother George, who had dined with them, had been sent across to his home, and Mr. Wiswell, standing in the cottage door, saw him cross the road. A few rain drops fell, and he turned toward his two little girls, who were nestling in their seat, and told them to seek shelter from the coming storm. Hardly had he spoken when a deafening crash of thunder sounded and a forked tongue of lightning encircled the tallest of the two oaks sheltering the children, and shot downward, stripping the bark from the trunk and scattering the leaves in every direction. In an instant the sudden intense light was succeeded by darkness, as a deluge of rain poured down and

THE STORM BROKE IN ALL ITS FURY.

Mr. Wiswell was nearly blinded, though he groped his way to where his two children had sat reading their book. He started back and uttered a cry of horror. The two children lay dead at the foot of the stricken oak. In the youngest there seemed still to be life, but she was dead before medical aid could be summoned. The lightning, passing down the tree, had struck Ada in the forehead, leaving a large red mark, as of a thousand minute perforations. Burning the skin on her hands, breast and limbs, it had passed to her sister, striking her on the neck under the chin. The clothes of both children were burned, and the shoes torn from their feet. Touching upon every nail-head in the bench upon which the children were sitting, and tearing a large splinter from one of the slates, the lightning sped to the other tree and passed into the ground.

MAKING A SOUND HOLE THE SIZE OF A PENCIL.

Both father and mother had witnessed the sudden death of their children and the narrow escape of their son, who had just reached the street. A little girl, the daughter of Mr. Danfield, a near neighbor, was on her way to play with Emily and Ada, and barely escaped sharing their fate. Her cries and the shrieks of the parents called the neighbors through the blinding storm to their aid. The dead children were carried into the house and Dr. Comfort called, but he could do no good. Sympathizing neighbors did what they could to soothe the mother, and large crowds of the curious gathered to look upon the scene of the sad catastrophe.

Both girls were remarkably bright pupils in Miss Colle's school, and had just entered upon their vacation. Miss Colle, who lay upon the sofa reading a book when the flash came, described the lightning as appearing to burst from the pages of the book, and crumble into millions of sparkling grains. She, too, was for a time partially stunned.

More Connecticut Connubial Poisoning.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., June 25.—A church scandal, in which two husbands and two wives were mixed up, culminated here yesterday by one of the husbands, Peter Ritchie, taking poison. He was accused of criminal intercourse with the wife of a brother member of the Olivet Congregational Church. The reports finally became so offensive that Ritchie requested the church to investigate the case, or allow him to withdraw from membership. In place of this, the pastor wrote an agreement by which Ritchie and the woman covenanted to see each other as little as possible, in order to give no provocation for further gossip. This, however, failed to quiet the gossip.

Mrs. Ritchie sued for divorce on the ground of adultery. The next day Ritchie brought a counter petition. He went to his wife at their house almost frantic with excitement, and brandishing a pistol, threatened to kill her and himself unless she withdrew her divorce suit. The wife kept Ritchie from doing any harm, and consented to withdraw her petition, as he desired. On Tuesday both parties took from their lawyers and destroyed the papers prepared in the two divorce suits. Among these documents was a letter which the accused woman wrote if she had caused her any injury.

On the afternoon of the day on which the reconciliation was completed, Ritchie wrote an affectionate farewell note to his wife and took a large dose of strychnine. When the poison began to work he repented of his rashness, and swallowed a lot of beef brine for an emetic. It caused him to vomit violently, and undoubtedly saved his life.

AN EXCITING MAN-HUNT.

Lively Chase Afforded by a Desperate Criminal Through Two States, Lasting Several Months.

MIDDLEBURY, Vt., June 27.—Frank Emory, one of the boldest criminals and the most successful jail-breakers in Vermont, has been made prisoner by High Sheriff Dunabee and his deputies, after a chase over Vermont and Northern New York, lasting several months. Emory was born in Middlebury, where his parents yet live. All but fourteen of the thirty-five years of his life have been spent inside of prison walls. He has served a term in the state prison in Auburn, N. Y., a term in the New Jersey state prison and another in the Vermont state prison for burglary and attempt to murder. He is five feet eight inches tall, has dark brown hair and the general

APPEARANCE OF A HARDENED CRIMINAL.

Last winter, six months after his last discharge, he attempted to shoot a man in the streets of Middlebury, and falling in this, he fled to Vergennes, ten miles away. While the sheriffs were absent searching for him he returned and stole a valuable horse and buggy, which he drove to Burlington. There he eluded the officers, although the entire force were after him, in addition to three special police who had been detailed with an ice boat to cruise about the harbor. He pushed across Lake Champlain, passing within a half mile of the officers in the ice boat. While crossing he broke through the ice twice, narrowly escaping with his life. He broke into a railway station on the Delaware and Hudson railroad, walked fifty miles to West Chazy, N. Y., and was arrested within five minutes after he had seated himself in his brother's house by the Vermont officers, assisted by the local authorities. He was taken to the jail in Middlebury, Vt. This jail is made doubly secure by being encased in boiler iron an inch thick. In less than a month Emory escaped, with the assistance of another prisoner who

HAD THE FREEDOM OF THE YARD.

The sheriff and his deputies again organized a determined pursuit, which lasted over a month, and it was while in this pursuit that the officers came upon Latrimouille, the Dunabach murderer, in Port Henry, N. Y., and caused his arrest. The officers followed Emory's trail to West Chazy, N. Y., where he was discovered in an old barn, near a large swamp, and, notwithstanding several shots from the officers' revolvers, he again escaped. A force was organized, and another search through the woods begun. Near Ogdensburg, N. Y., he was again discovered, coming on foot into that city. He was met by persons of whom he inquired for a place to sleep and some food. They enticed him into a boiler-room of an engine-house, and captured him, taking away his knife and revolver, with which he was always provided. The officers locked him in the Ogdensburg jail, but watching his opportunity, he unfasted the lock of his iron cell, and made a break for liberty, and though diligent search was made in every part of the city,

NO TRACE OF HIM WAS FOUND.

After spending much money in pursuit, Sheriff Dunabee returned to Vermont. On Monday evening last intelligence was received by him that Emory was in the house of his sister, in Middlebury, and, taking Deputies Rider and Chapman, with several others, he went to the house. Sheriff Chapman, who was the officer that arrested him when he was sent to the Vermont state prison, and whom on that occasion he attempted to kill with an eleven-inch knife, entered the bedroom. Emory sprang up and fired his revolver at Chapman's head. The officer returned the fire, and Emory dropped, but he immediately regained his feet and sprang out of a window, two stories from the ground, Chapman firing at him again as he dropped. When Emory struck the ground he was grasped by Sheriff Rider and ironed. He was found to be badly wounded in the thigh, and was removed to the county jail and a surgeon summoned. Officer Chapman escaped without injury.

Awfully Tragic Catastrophe.

JONESBORO, Ga., June 23.—The daughter and sister-in-law of Mr. J. F. Reynolds were burned to death last night in their home, and Mr. Reynolds probably fatally burned in the attempt to save his wife. They live three miles in the country, and, owing to Mr. Reynolds's condition, it has been almost impossible to get the truth. His story is that he heard a queer noise at about one o'clock, but thought it was the rain. He said to his wife, "I'm glad we are having a good shower," and dropped to sleep again. In a short time he was aroused by a dull, roaring sound and by half-smothered screams. He hurried up stairs and found that the screams came from the room in which his daughter and sister-in-law were sleeping, and that the roof of the house was on fire.

Reynolds tried to get entrance to the room, but the door was locked, and the girls were so bewildered that they could not unlock it. He tugged and pushed at it until the roof fell in and the stair-case gave way and tumbled. He then made his escape, being so badly burned that he could hardly walk. He found that his wife was still in the burning building, and rushed in to save her. After a powerful struggle he reached her room and succeeded in carrying her to the open air, she escaped uninjured.

Reynolds is so badly burned that his life is almost despaired of, and he is in a piteous state of grief and excitement. He screams almost constantly, and begs to be killed, as his suffering is unbearable. All the furniture, etc., was lost. The girls' bodies were so entirely consumed that nothing but the bones remain. One of them was fifteen and the other sixteen, and they were pretty and popular. Great crowds of people have flocked to the scene of the disaster.

The father says that the two girls ran to the window that was about thirty feet from the ground and called to him for help. He had just emerged from the building with his wife, and, of course, could not reach them. He called on them to jump into his arms, but they were afraid. He watched them, still begging them to jump, until they were enveloped in the flames and burned to death.

CORONER MADE CONVICT.

A Noted Staten Island Official of Twenty Years Service Sentenced to State Prison for Perjury.

[With Portrait.]

William McSorley of West New Brighton, Staten Island, died on August 1, 1878. Coroner James Dempsey of New Brighton subsequently presented to the County of Richmond a bill of \$13.50 for expenses in holding an inquest in the case of William McSorley. Coroner Dempsey was indicted for perjury for swearing that this bill was correct. On the 26th, in the court of sessions in Richmond, Coroner Dempsey testified that he had been a coroner of the county for twenty years, that he went to McSorley's house, having been informed of his death by Dr. Edward F. Arnoux, picking up a jury wherever he could get them. He did not know any of the jury then, and he did not know any of them now. The jury and Dr. Arnoux both saw the body. After they had gone the coroner sat down and talked with members of McSorley's family about the cause of death, but the result of this examination was not put down in writing. He did not subpoena any member of the family as a witness, but after quitting the house went to Dr. Arnoux and gave him a verbal notice.

TO COME TO THE INQUEST.

The inquest, the witness continued, was held in his office, Dr. Arnoux appeared there and testified that McSorley died of old age. Mr. Dempsey did not recollect that there were any other witnesses. He did not see the jurors sign the verdict. He gave them the paper on which the verdict was written, he testified, and then went out doors.

The only other witness called for the defence was Henry Smith, who keeps a bar-room next to Dempsey's livery stable, and is Dempsey's tenant. He testified that he remembered one night seeing the coroner, Dr. Arnoux, and six or eight men going into Dempsey's office, and that he was told that they were holding an inquest in the case of McSorley's death. On being asked who told him, the witness said Dempsey told him.

The prosecution produced Mr. Thomas A. McSorley, who testified that no jurymen and no physician were in the house on the day of his father's death. The coroner said to the witness and his mother that he was a coroner, but he would not make them any trouble. Dr. Arnoux's testimony was to the effect that all he did in the case was to go to Coroner Dempsey's office and there sign the inquisition paper. An officer testified that he had searched all over West New Brighton but could find only three men whose names could be found in the McSorley jury list. Each of these three

TESTIFIED THAT HE WAS NOT ON THE JURY.

Judge Westervelt charged that a verbal notice by a coroner to attend an inquest to testify is not a subpoena; also that there was no inquest unless a jury actually viewed the body.

The deliberations of the jury occupied only a quarter of an hour when they returned to the court-room



TRIPLY FATAL TRIANGULAR DUEL, IN AULLVILLE, MO., BETWEEN THE TAYLOR BROTHERS AND B. C. WREN, IN WHICH ONE OF THE FORMER IS INSTANTLY KILLED AND THE REMAINING CONTESTANTS MORTALLY WOUNDED.—SEE PAGE 10.

with a verdict of guilty. The announcement fell like a thunderbolt, the great majority of spectators having looked for a disagreement at the least. The most

astonished spectator was Coroner Dempsey himself. They jury was polled and a recess taken by the court. The defendant, subsequently said that he was never

so completely astounded in his life. "Why," said he, "I never was so careful to fulfill all the requirements of the law as in the McSorley case. I have been unjustly convicted, and feel satisfied that I will get a new trial." Notwithstanding this declaration the coroner appeared to feel his position keenly and was somewhat nervous when he fully realized the fact that the maximum penalty for the crime of which he was convicted was ten years' imprisonment in

STATE PRISON, AT HARD LABOR.

At two o'clock the court reassembled and the District Attorney immediately moved for the sentence of Coroner Dempsey. The coroner's counsel thereupon arose and made an application for a new trial. The application was promptly denied, and, after a brief consultation with Justices Halle and Simpson, Judge Westervelt proceeded to sentence the accused. His emotion was betrayed by the trembling of his voice during the delivery of the sentence. He said the prisoner had been convicted after an impartial trial, and the court saw no reason why the verdict should be reversed. He then proceeded to sentence the coroner to the lowest sentence he could possibly inflict—namely, one year's imprisonment at hard labor in Sing Sing Prison. The coroner did not seem to realize his situation. In answer to the usual questions of the clerk he said in a dazed manner that he was a native of Ireland, forty-four years of age and by occupation a livery stable keeper. Immediately afterward he was taken into custody by Sheriff Brown.

A Dangerous Treasure-Trove.

Ben Rosencranz rode into Boise City, Idaho Territory, on Wednesday three weeks ago and whispered to his bar-room friends a queer story. Ben said that as he and Lon Lewis were passing along near Glenn's Ferry, on Snake river, they had come across an old canvas blouse half hidden in the grass. Len had punched the blouse with his whip, when out rolled several bright, glittering gold eagles. Quickly dismounting, the treasure-trove was counted. There were in the blouse \$1,200 in gold. Lewis took \$800 because he had first punched the blouse, and gave Rosencranz \$400. When Ben had told his story and exhibited his coin the Boise City men recalled that on June 1, 1879, the bodies of John Bascom, Robert Ferguson and a stranger had been found near Glenn's Ferry, on the Snake. As the hostile Bannocks had just crossed the Snake, it was at the time believed that the three men were murdered by Indians. Yet when Ben had told his story and exhibited his coin the Boise City men arrested him, and Lin Lewis as well, and they will be held to answer for the triple murder. There is nothing against Ben and Lin except the finding of the gold, and the Statesman, of Boise, is inclined to regard them as innocent of the crime.

William A. Brewer, a lecturer on religion and temperance, married a woman of seventy at Ossipee, Mass., lived with her until he had got possession of her \$700, and then ran away.



HOW BREACHES OF THE PEACE ARE PUNISHED BY NEW YORK'S ZEALOUS PEACE PRESERVERS, AS ILLUSTRATED IN THE CASE OF JOHN FITZGERALD WHOM OFFICER MOORE PURSUED INTO HIS OWN ROOMS AND CLUBBED, AS ALLEGED, IN A MURDEROUS MANNER, FOR THE CAPITAL OFFENSE OF ENGAGING IN A STREET ROW.—SEE PAGE 11.

JONES' JUMP

Curious Story of how the Adulterous Wife of his Victim was Moved by Remorse for her Sin to Become his Avenger.

The following additional details of the execution of the negro, Robert Jones, at Tarboro, N. C., June 25, for the murder of Robert Eaton, a white man, which was briefly noted in our last issue, will be found of interest:

A crowd numbering about 5,000 were present. Jones was calm as he stepped upon the scaffold. He shook hands with the sheriff, telling him he was sorry to leave him, but he was prepared to go. Jones made a short speech, in which he affirmed his innocence. He described his downfall to the malice of the negro witnesses. He said his race was down on him because he voted the democratic ticket.

At his request religious services were conducted on the scaffold. A hymn was sung, and Jones, who was the possessor of a rich bass voice, joined in with a vim in the singing. John Thomas, a colored preacher, then led in prayer. The sheriff then pulled the black cap over the head of the condemned man. "Farewell, my brothers," cried Jones. A low moan went through the colored portion of the crowd, and such exclamations as "De Lawd be wid you!" "Our brother is goin'!" "He's at rest in de bosom of Abraham," and others were heard everywhere. The trap fell at half past twelve. Jones' neck was broken and he was pronounced

DEAD IN TWELVE MINUTES.

Eaton, the victim, was rather an indolent kind of a man and a lover of whisky. He spent most of his time hanging around bar-rooms. He was a man without either warm friends or enemies.

On the day of the murder, Christmas, 1877, he had been drinking freely with Bob Jones, the negro, and both were pretty full. Jones had just been paid \$3 for shucking corn. Eaton having spent all his own money, except \$3, proposed that they play a game of "mumble-the-peg" for \$3, and that Bob Beckwith, a negro, should hold the stakes. Jones consented, and they sat down under a big oak tree and began.

Neither having a pocket-knife, Eaton drew out a cross-handed dirk-knife, which he carried, and this knife was used in the game. Eaton won and raked in the pile. Jones was very angry, and insisted that Eaton had cheated. Some very harsh words passed between them, and Jones said he would get even with him. The two men frolicked around all day. They were seen together at night.

Tom Mason, a merchant at Rocky Mount, found, the next morning, the dead body of Eaton lying under a shed near the store. The body was covered with bruises. There were heavy bruises about the breast, and the skull was crushed in, evidently by a blow from a club. A large billet of wood was found near by covered with blood, and it was evident that this had been used in

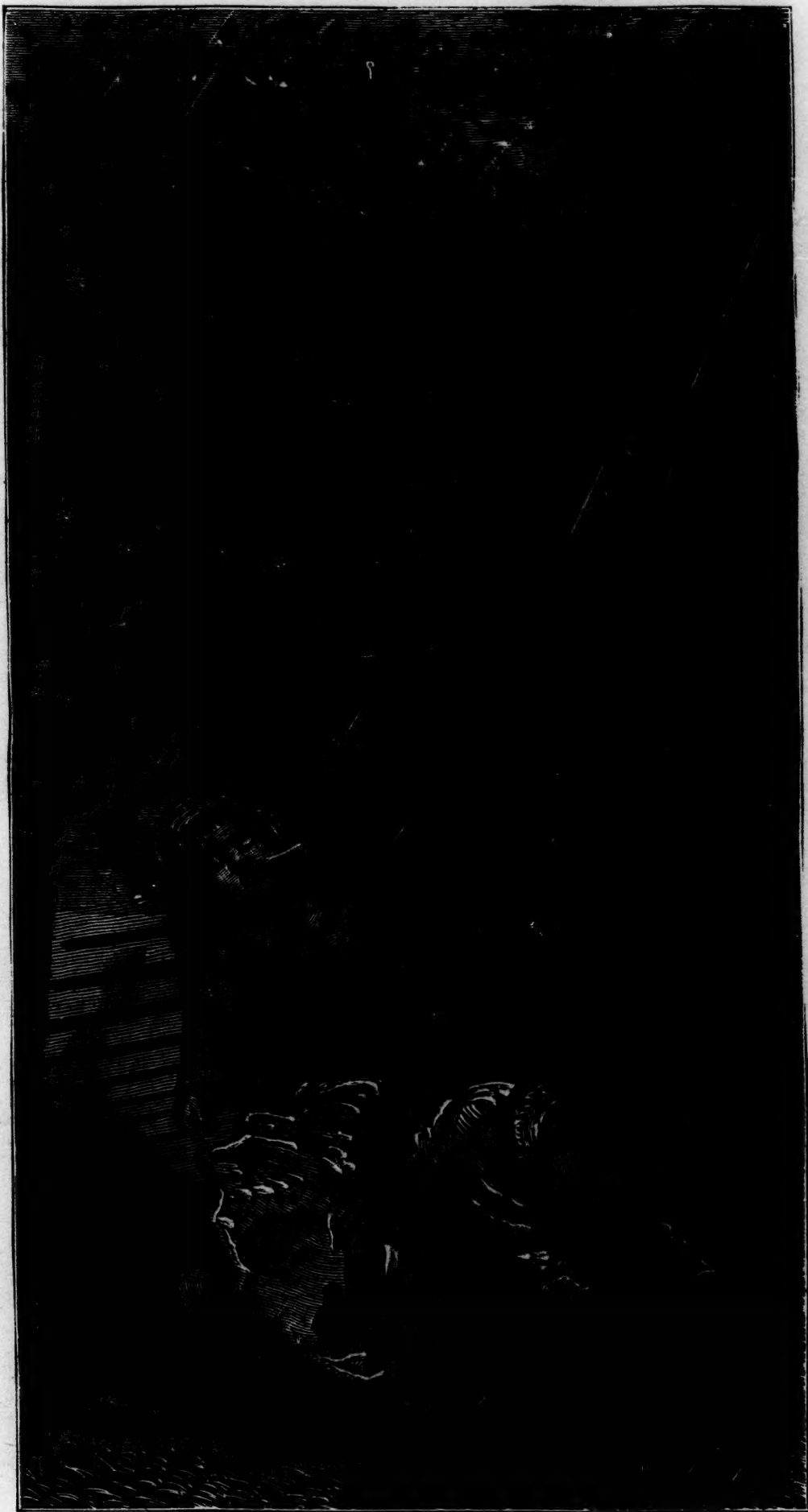
THE MURDEROUS WORK.

An inquest was held. Suspicion at once attached to Jones, who had been with Eaton all the day before. Bob Beckwith testified that Jones had spent the night before the finding of the body at his house, and that Jones told his (Beckwith's) wife that he had beat a man to death down at Mason's store. Jones also said, in a bullying way, that he had intended to kill Eaton, and he did it. He also boasted, "I was a man before war, I was." Beckwith's wife told the same story. As soon as Jones heard that those statements were made before the coroner's jury, he fled to Nash county. The coroner's jury were further satisfied that Jones was the murderer from the fact that the boot-tracks around the body corresponded exactly with the shoes worn by Jones. A warrant was at once issued for his arrest and a party organized to hunt him up. He was caught a few weeks afterward in Nash county.

Eaton had been a married man, but his wife had deserted him, and was living with another man at the time the terrible tragedy occurred. As soon as she heard of the death of her husband she quit her paramour and at once gave her whole time to

THE DETECTION OF THE MURDERER.

She went to Nash county with the party to hunt him, and was in the court-room every day during the trial. She spent every cent she had in the world in bringing Jones to the bar of justice. As she sat in the court-room every day during the trial, she was the very incarnation of deadly hate. Glaring at the cowering culprit, her hand clinched as though in a vain effort to restrain her passion, her willowy figure bent slightly like that of the tiger ready to spring, her breast pant-



SAD WORK OF A THUNDERBOLT—LITTLE EMILY AND ADA WISWELL STRUCK BY LIGHTNING AND INSTANTLY KILLED, IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS, IN A RUSTIC BOWER, IN FRONT OF THEIR RESIDENCE, DURING THE FIERCE STORM OF SUNDAY, JUNE 29; MORRISANIA, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 3.

ing as she drew in the quick breath, while her large black eyes flashed and shot out gleams of deadly enmity as the slow, circumstantial story of her husband's murder was reeled out by witnesses, and the fever-spot of revenge now touched up as by the fires of hell, as her guilty conscience repeated to her in tones not to be unheeded the damnable record of her own guilt and open adultery when her dead liege lord had lived. As she sat there, moved by these contending passions, the simple country folks

LOOKED ON THE PICTURE WITH FEELINGS OF AWE.

But conscience made her atone for her sin. She had made oath that Jones should not escape justice, and had affirmed that with her own hand she would shoot him if the law did not hang him. She died of brain fever two days after Jones's conviction.

The culprit was brought before the March term of the superior court of Edgecombe county, Judge Cloud presiding. He was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on the 10th day of December. His counsel appealed, and the supreme court affirmed the decision of the lower court.

He was sentenced to be hung Wednesday, May 28th, but was respited by the Governor to June 25th.

Judge Cloud, in sentencing him, said he did not intend to desecrate the day on which our Lord was crucified by sentencing a felon to be executed on that day. And he further said that he intended, as far as it lay in his power, to break up the practice of Friday executions.

Jones was completely prostrated when he heard his sentence. He got down on his knees in the court-room and cried like a child, and

BEGGED JUDGE AND JURY TO LET HIM OFF.

In view of the fact that both men were drunk at the time of the murder, a strong petition was signed by leading citizens of Tarboro and Rocky Mount, the judge and the prosecuting attorney, and the foreman of the jury, asking the Governor to commute the sentence to life imprisonment. But Governor Jarvis does not believe in the exercise of the pardoning power, and he declined to pardon Jones. So far criminals have got no consolation from him. Jones said that Beckwith swore to a lie, and that all his race were down on him because he had voted the democratic ticket. He said he was converted ten years ago, and was ready to die. Jones was a powerful negro, six feet one inch high, and weighed 198 pounds. He was forty-two years of age. The murdered man was forty-nine, and his wife was considerably younger than himself.



JOHN KEMMLER, THE MURDEROUS FIEND, WHO BUTCHERED HIS THREE LITTLE DAUGHTERS, AT SOUTH HOLYOKE, MASS.

A TALE OF TERROR FROM TEXAS.

Shocking Case of Cannibalism Practiced by a Starving Party of Runaway Negroes.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, June 26.—There is in this city a Mexican of the name of Francisco Alvarez, now residing on East street, west of the San Pedro, who has frequently told a story about two runaways, a man and a woman, eating up a third member of their party. Alvarez was with a train which brought the two cannibals back to San Antonio. Many persons have doubted the truth of the tale told by Alvarez, but it is nevertheless true, as there are many persons living who were here at the time, by whom the facts are remembered. Mr. John C. French, now one of our wealthiest and most respected citizens, was master of the train which found the surviving man and woman, and returned them to this city. The details of the shocking story are also preserved in print, and are published in the *Western Texas*, a San Antonio newspaper of that day, under date of March 20, 1851. The following is what the *Western Texas* said about it:

"Several gentlemen, a short distance in advance of the train which had just arrived from El Paso, encountered a party of runaway negroes, at the Limpio spring on the other side of the Pecos river. When discovered, there were but two of the negroes alive, and they were in a state of

MEREY ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO BE DESCRIBED.

They had been entirely without food for ten days, and had been forced, to save themselves from actual starvation, to kill their companion, which act they had perpetrated on the morning of the day on which they were discovered. They had stripped his bones of every particle of meat which could be obtained, and after having satisfied their hunger with this revolting food, were, when captured, in the act of broiling and preparing the remainder to serve on their on ward march toward Mexico. Without doubt, they would have perished had they not been discovered at the time they were, and as they were still two hundred miles from the Rio Grande, without any means of killing game, and in a most emaciated condition. The two that were taken, one a boy calling himself Henry, and the other a girl, Melinda, were brought in with his train, and will be confined in San Antonio until some intelligence is received from their owner or owners. They give the following account of themselves: They say that all three belonged to the same owner, Mr. Charles Owens, who lives near Holly Springs, in Marshall county, Mississippi, from whom they escaped more than a year ago, and have been on their way toward Mexico

EVER SINCE THAT TIME.

The name of the boy who was killed was Morgan. They were all young negroes, apparently not more than twenty-two years old. After striking the El Paso road, they derived what substance they could from the hides of oxen which had died and been left on the road by the several trains which have heretofore made that trip. Finding that it was impossible to support life in that manner, they had conversed several times upon the question of drawing lots for their lives, to see upon whom the fate should fall of being sacrificed to support the other two. This project, however, was not assented to. The boy Morgan then threatened to make sure of the first opportunity, and kill Henry unaware. Henry, however, proved to be more cautious of the two, and availing himself of the first opportunity when Morgan was asleep, he cut his throat and made use of the body as above described. We have heard of instances of misery similar to the above happening on the ocean, but this is the first instance within our recollection upon land, where human beings were compelled to devour each other to save themselves from death by starvation."

A Cool Would-Be Assassin.

ZANESVILLE, O., June 25.—A young man named William Griffith alighted from a spring wagon in front of Blocksom's drug store, and coolly informed the proprietor that Dr. Ball, trustee of the Athens Asylum, had hired two men to assassinate him, and, as he did not propose to be assassinated, he said he would play the first trump. Dr. Ball at this instant came along the street, when Griffith, drawing a revolver, fired at him. A second shot was prevented by Mr. Gill Axline, and the lunatic was arrested. Dr. Ball was uninjured, and appeared in the probate court this afternoon, and had Griffith released on condition that the young man would give up target-shooting.

A large number of clergymen have lately been holding a secret conference at Syracuse, N. Y., for the purpose of devising means for suppressing the practices of the Onondaga community.



ROBERT SCOTT, CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF POLICE OFFICER WIGGINS, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.; \$150 REWARD OFFERED FOR HIS CAPTURE.

DOOMED TO DESTRUCTION.

Sad and Shameful History of a Former Belle and Pet of Society Whose Life of Strange Vicissitude Was Recently Closed

IN A LEADVILLE BROTHEL.

An Unaccountable Perversity Leads her to Leave a Luxurious Home to Become the Mistress of an Adventurer.

A WRONGED HUSBAND'S VENGEANCE.

A correspondent writing to a St. Louis newspaper from Leadville, recently, communicated the following fragment of what doubtless approximates most nearly to "society news" in that remote and untrammelled settlement:

"Women are scarce, but enough of them such as they are, are in the camp which I have just left ('The Happy Thought'). Their number was diminished by one on Thursday night last. 'Annie Laurie,' as she was commonly known, or Mrs. Elsie Wintermede, as she always subscribed herself, used to be the handsomest dance-house girl here in Leadville, but shifted her fortunes to the new camp a few weeks ago. There a drunken miner cracked her head with a bottle, erysipelas set in, and on Friday she was buried. Notwithstanding her degraded life, she preserved traces of beauty and refinement, which marked her as a strange exception to the class in which she lived. Nine men out of ten who have looked at her have said, 'I'll bet

"THAT WOMAN'S HISTORY IS A ROMANCE."

So it may have been, but whatever it was, she carried its secret with her to the grave.

The correspondent errs in supposing that Mrs. Wintermede's bitter romance of sin, shame and expiation was buried with her. A gentleman now living in Cincinnati, whose former residence, for many years, was in New Orleans, knew well the husband of the woman in question and having accidentally encountered the paragraph quoted above, has communicated the main facts of her career, all of which were within his own personal knowledge.

In 1864 Mrs. Elsie Wintermede was the wife of a young Englishman, who was the junior partner in a cotton broking firm in New Orleans. She was then a beautiful specimen of the pure English blonde, admired for her charms of person and graces of mind, profoundly respected for her seeming goodness by all who knew her. Her husband, Henry Wintermede, appeared devoted to her. At a masked carnival ball in 1869, however, an incident occurred which showed that all was not love, confidence and peace beneath the surface of serenity and affection which

SEEMED TO COVER THEIR RELATIONS.

Mr. Wintermede was very jealous of the attentions paid to his wife by a handsome young Creole named Dagobert Le Compte, and during the ball managed to pick a quarrel with him which led to a meeting and a duel the next day. The nominal cause of the quarrel was a jostle and some hasty words in the ball room, but in some way the real cause leaked out. The weapons used were pistols. Wintermede was severely wounded, while Le Compte escaped without injury.

The very night that the young Englishman was wounded his wife disappeared.

This fact, however, was kept from him by the physician's advice until two days had elapsed, during which his friends did all they could to learn what had become of her, but without avail. She had

LEFT NO TRACE OF HER FLITTING.

Dagobert Le Compte had also disappeared, but of him it was whispered that he had sailed for France. It was nothing more than was to be expected, after a duel which promised the most serious results, that he should flee; but when the woman about whom he had fought also vanished at the same time it was by no means a violent supposition that the husband's suspicions were not unfounded, and that the guilty wife and paramour had fled together, leaving the husband to die alone.

That was the view he took of the situation when the facts, as far as known, were brought to his knowledge, and the excitement produced thereby threw him into a brain fever. But his youth, strength and good constitution triumphed over both the brain fever and the bullet in his groin, and three months after the duel he was able to start in pursuit of vengeance, a much older-looking man, with a sad, stern air that his face had never worn before, and with unwonted silver in his hair, but with little diminution in his physical power and energy.

In Paris he encountered Dagobert Le Compte, walking in the Champs Elysees. Stepping up close to him, and speaking in a low tone, to avoid being overheard by passers-by, but with the savage determination, he said,

"I HAVE TRACKED YOU FOR REVENGE."

"I know all. This time one of us must kill the other. Will you arrange a meeting quietly, or must I insult you publicly to force one?"

Dagobert looked at him with blank astonishment, but replied:

"If you wish to try conclusions again, I cannot, of course, refuse you satisfaction; but really, my dear sir, don't you think this sort of game does not absolutely require to be played in rubbers, like whist? I was very sorry that I had the misfortune to injure you so seriously before, but if you will remember, you forced the issue upon me."

"Are you a coward as well as a libertine?" hissed Wintermede in his ear.

The young Creole's cheek flushed with anger, but controlling himself by an effort, he answered, calmly:

"As to whether I am a coward or not, you should know. I have met you once, and, if you are particularly desirous of it, will do so again. I only did so before out of complaisance. You said, 'Explanations would be painful, degrading. Let us fight.' And I

accommodated you. I have not yet the slightest idea WHY YOU WISHED TO FIGHT ME.

But now I think I have at least the right to know. You apply to me the title 'libertine.' I am not aware that I deserve it, and still less am I conscious how it concerns you whether I am or not."

Such unparalleled effrontery, as he at first regarded it, almost stunned the angry husband.

"You are not aware! Where is my wife?" he demanded.

"Upon my soul I don't know anything about your wife."

"You carried her off from New Orleans—"

"Most assuredly I did not."

Dagobert's assurances bore the impress of sincerity, so much so that Wintermede's hitherto firm convictions were shaken. He hesitated, and an uneasy doubt as to whether he had not somehow made a fool of himself

GREW GRADUALLY UPON HIM.

In a more amicable manner he continued the conversation, and was at length made to believe what was strictly true, that Dagobert had been entirely innocent from the outset of even the offense of evil intent toward Mrs. Wintermede. The husband fled from Paris when it was threatened by the Germans, and Dagobert, who, upon better knowledge, he had learned to respect and regard as a friend, enrolled himself among the defenders of France.

Mr. Wintermede went to England, and there encountered a friend who told him that he had seen Mrs. Wintermede in Naples. He had spoken to her, having formerly been a frequent visitor in her husband's house, and having there known her well; but she had repudiated his acquaintance, and professed entire ignorance of the name of Wintermede. She was then bearing the name of Lacey, and was nominally the wife of "captain" Reginald Lacey,

A DEMONSTRATIVE IRISH ADVENTURER.

Mr. Wintermede remembered the fellow as one who infested New Orleans during several months prior to his wife's disappearance, and recalled that he and Mrs. Wintermede were on friendly, but never, as he imagined, intimate terms.

Still hot as ever in his thirst for vengeance, the unfortunate husband set out for Naples, and there, without difficulty, found his faithless wife and her paramour living together. Captain Reginald Lacey bore the pretense there of being a military man, but was in reality a card sharper and confidence operator.

Mr. Wintermede found him at a time when he was alone, and opened the interview by a blow. The rasal was a coward at heart, cringed, begged and cried for the protection of the police. The two men were separated. An hour later Captain Lacey accepted a challenge; but the next morning, to the disgust of the deluded gentlemen whom he had persuaded to be his seconds,

HE WAS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND.

He had fled by an early train to Rome, and thence none knew whither, and had taken with him not only all his own means and valuables, but even the jewelry and small sum of money which Mrs. Wintermede had.

Her husband was the person who broke that news to her, and overwhelmed her with a contempt more bitter than reproaches, in which it seemed to her that her name and destiny were thenceforth indissolubly connected with the coward and thief whom she had preferred to him.

In vain she begged for his forgiveness. The idea which she had the impudence to propose to him, that he should overlook her "youthful folly" and take her back to his heart and home,

TERRIBLED HIM WITH LOATHING AND RAGE.

Yet he had learned by deep sorrow to control his passion, and replied to her coldly:

"You have the face and form of an angel. No one, to look at you, would conceive that your love is lust; that your pure skin is but the whitened sepulcher of a rotten heart; that you are a born strumpet, a polluted wretch, doomed by your own perversity to sink to the lowest depths that a woman can reach. To forgive you is for me impossible. You have blighted every happiness and hope that my life contained. I can derive but one satisfaction from your existence, and that will be in hunting you down to the level toward which your sensual and treacherous nature drags you. I can afford to devote my life, if need be, to that end, and I assure you that I will not hesitate to do so."

With this merciless threat he left her.

The next day all her respectable friends, meeting her, ignored her existence. She had none to whom she might turn for sympathy or aid, none at least for whom honest folk might not have

BLUSHED TO ADMIT ACQUAINTANCE.

One man offered himself as the "protector," a certain Baron Von Sternewitz, who was an Austrian the same as Captain Lacey, was an Irishman, except that he had just a perceptible shade more of courage. Gambler, adventurer, pretender, the friend of card sharps and the foe of society, he had even looked up to her when she was supposed to be Lacey's wife. When her story became known he met her as an equal. She felt keenly the degradation, but accepted it. The next day the Baron Von Sternewitz was instigated by her to challenge her husband.

It was the price she set upon her favors. He agreed to it, and sent the challenge. It was accepted promptly. He would have been easy in his mind had the issue of the duel depended upon the rapier or pistol, for he had an assassin's skill with both; but to his horror, Mr. Wintermede, as the challenged party, named as his weapons, in accordance with his knowledge of the South, double-barreled shot-guns loaded with buckshot, at ten paces distance, each party to load his own gun, and

AFTER THE WORD TO FIRE AT WILL.

That, as he well knew, meant certain death to himself or the husband, who looked like an uncomfortably determined man; and, while he valued the embraces of the pretty, innocent-looking little blonde woman, and would willingly have taken his chance of having his nose split or his ribs punctured to have retained her, he had no disposition to accept any such risk as that proposed.

He blustered, refused to accept "the weapons of a savage," would not meet the man he had challenged, and left for Nice to avoid unpleasant explanations, abandoning "La Belle Anglaise," as Mrs. Wintermede had already become known. She found another protector, even a lower caste scoundrel, who would not even pretend to fight her husband, but who would help her run away. He was a German, named Schelmdoll, who took her to Hamburg, after touching at Paris and London, and, being frightened away from each place, either by reports of her husband's pursuit or

BY PERSONS RECOGNIZING HER.

Mr. Wintermede tracked the pair to Hamburg, and no sooner reached the town than Herr Schelmdoll fled precipitately. There was but one resource left for the wretched woman who go soon found herself gathering the wages of sin, the hideous death in life wherein hope, love, honor, self-respect are all buried beneath the mountain of shame and despair.

She enrolled herself among the lost women of Hamburg and entered upon their life, yet with weak womanly spite even in that self-sacrifice, chose to inscribe herself upon their list by her real name, in the vain desire that some remnant or taint of her ineradicable stain might cling to the man who had loyally and lovingly given her his name to wear.

From that point in her swift downward-tending career, her husband left her to the progress of the inevitable. Through what dark paths in the by-ways of life she pursued her course until it was ended in "Happy Thought Camp," as stated, none know. All in that foul period of her evil life is a blank, and must be left to the imagination.

Mr. Wintermede, after seeing her well started in her chosen career in Hamburg, returned to London, where he engaged in business and is still living.

DECIDEDLY DEPLORABLE.

The Flight in Which an Overly Pious Deacon and a Clerical Abortionist Find Themselves Through Playing Too Strong a Bluff on a Weak Hand.

NEW CASTLE, Ind., June 28.—The facts in a sensational case of loving not wisely, but too well—the misfortune happening to the young lady by reason of her attachment for and dallies with an amorous deacon in the Presbyterian Church, at Lewisville, this county—have just come to the surface to-day to the general public in the arrest of the deacon and in the flight of a doctor, who, as will be seen by the following, is under a large-sized cloud. W. B. Wilson, of Lewisville, this county, is a member of the Presbyterian Church of which he is deacon and is superintendent of the Sunday-school at that place and a married man. He is a very loud-mouthed professor. Last winter he courted, and hung around one of the members of his class, a lady, a Miss Emily Sheplar, and, as is now alleged, became too intimate with her for her own good, and she became *en ceinte*. This was last January. It is further alleged by Miss Sheplar that on informing him of her condition he procured the services of one Rev. Dr. N. Gillam Smith, who both

PREACHES AND PEDDLES PILLS.

She was, as she alleges, given medicine at this time for the purpose of producing a miscarriage, which failed, however.

There was nothing further done then until it became bruited about that there was something wrong with Miss Sheplar, who, it appears, had always before borne an excellent reputation. She was sought for by her friends to make a statement and she did, saying that Deacon Wilson was the author of her trouble. But I will give her own statements as to what then occurred. Wilson saw her, she says, and gave her \$50. She was told to get on the train, this was on the 9th of this month—and go to Ogden, a little station west of Lewisville. She did so, and was there met by the Rev. Dr. N. Gillam Smith, who took her in his buggy to the house of a man by the name of Paxton, in the edge of Rush county. Smith asked for a room, to which she was taken, when Smith by the use of instruments

PROCURED AN ABORTION.

Before reaching Paxton's house, however, the girl says the doctor asked her for the \$50 which Wilson had given her, and that he did not give it back to her. She remained at Paxton's some four days, when she returned to Lewisville, after having been delivered of her child. Again Wilson and his confederates got her in tow, and she was again spirited away.

The affair leaked out to some extent, and Wilson was asked by his church members about the ugly rumors. He denied everything, and it might have dropped right there, as it is alleged there was a disposition on the part of at least a portion of the church to treat it gingerly, but Wilson, to make himself solid, and evidently thinking the girl safe from the reach of any one for the time being,

UNDERTOOK A GAME OF BLUFF.

He caused the arrest of a young man by the name of Ammerman on a charge of attempting to levy blackmail, by having asserted that he, Deacon Wilson, ought to be prosecuted for bastardy. Ammerman's friends then ascertained the whereabouts of the girl and secretly brought her back, and to-day when the case of blackmail came up confronted Wilson with the girl, and he was put under arrest by the sheriff of this county on a charge of procuring abortion. The Rev. Dr. N. Gillam Smith yesterday skipped out, or it is reasonable to suppose that he, too, would be under arrest to-day. Wilson dismissed his case of blackmail against Ammerman.

A Sanctimonious Old Sinner.

CLEVELAND, O., June 25.—The case of John C. Wilkinson, the aged spiritualist, charged with adultery with his step-daughter, Flora A. Campbell, otherwise known as the "secess," came on for trial to-day. The prosecution showed that the venerable sinner had shared the chamber of the girl with the full knowledge of the mother, and that he had accomplished her ruin by making her believe she was to be the mother through him of a second Christ.

JOYOUS JAIL-BIRDS.

Four More Detained Innocents Find Their Way to the Open Air From the Mild Restraint of Queens County Jail Bars, in Broad Daylight, and Successfully Elude the Pursuit of Their Miscalled Keepers.

At a session of the Queens county court, some two weeks since, Frank Belmont was sentenced to five years in the state prison for stealing a watch in the Lutheran cemetery on Decoration day, and George Walters received ten years sentence for a burglary committed about a fortnight ago in Astoria. Pending their commitment to Sing Sing the prisoners were incarcerated in the county jail, in the outskirts of Long Island City. They were placed in a compartment in the southeast corner, containing eight cells. Two of these cells were already occupied by George Batterby, a burglar, who had been five months waiting his commitment to Sing Sing under a ten years sentence for a burglary in East New York, and William Shaw, who had nearly served out a sixty days' sentence in jail for stealing harness.

The eight cells are ranged in two tiers, four in each. They look out on a wide corridor which is lighted by a large barred window, at least eight feet from the stone-paved floor. Easy access to the window can be obtained, however, by stepping on an iron sink running half the length of the ward, over which are ranged a series of water pipes,

FORMING A SORT OF LADDER.

The ward is cut off from the rest of the building by an iron door. When the new comers arrived, Belmont was placed in a cell in the second tier, two doors removed from that of Shaw, and Walters in one on the ground floor adjoining Batterby's.

All four prisoners complained so much of the heat that during the hot weather they have been allowed the "run" of the corridor, the large window of which was kept open more or less during the day. The jailer, or one of his assistants, visited the ward at least every quarter of an hour, to see that all was safe. Two of the four prisoners were supposed to be entirely incapacitated from even attempting to escape. When arrested in Astoria, Walters, in trying to run away, had been shot in the leg by a police officer, and was thought to be unable to walk in consequence. Batterby's left leg was of cork, and he, too, could only hobble slowly, with difficulty. Their cell doors were opened to the four men at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 28th, as usual, and they were allowed the privilege of bathing as well as they could in the sink, after which Batterby was ordered by the keeper in charge, Assistant Warden Wilkinson, to wash the corridor floor.

Wilkinson visited the ward once or twice in the next hour to

SEE THAT HIS ORDERS WERE CARRIED OUT.

At each visit he found Batterby scrubbing as well as his cork leg would let him, while his three companions were apparently indulging in a *dolce far niente* on the scrubbed portions of the floor. At four o'clock the four prisoners were yet in the ward.

When Wilkinson came at quarter past the hour the ward was empty. With a start of dismay he unlocked the door and rushed into the deserted room. A glance showed how the birds had flown. A single lower bar of the window had been sawed in two at the top, and then lifted from the socket in the stone sill beneath. The aperture thus made was hardly eight inches in width, and not twice that distance high. It had been reached by climbing up the ladder formed by the sink and the pipes above it. The bars on either side of the aperture had been greased with pork, and through this narrow hole, less than a foot in width, Walters, six feet in height and broad in proportion, weighing 180 pounds, the prison officials believe, squeezed himself. His companions were smaller men, but even for them to squeeze through must have been difficult. Once out of the building the runaways

HAD NO FURTHER DIFFICULTY.

A fence only six feet high surrounds the jail yard, and Batterby, cork-legged as he was, had evidently had small trouble in surmounting it, for the yard was empty when Wilkinson climbed the sink and looked throw the window.

The startled jailer lost no time in giving the alarm. There were few to give it to. Young Rushmore, son of the sheriff of the county, who is the warden, was out driving, and there were only two men in the jail, besides the deputy warden, to guard thirty-eight male prisoners, not including the four runaways, and seven women. Wilkinson rushed from the jail alone, and harnessed his horse to the wagon. A flagman on the neighboring railroad told him that the fugitives had taken a southeasterly direction, and were going toward Blissville. Wilkinson drove rapidly down the nearest avenue to the point indicated. Presently he met Police Officer Park, who joined him. The wagon was overturned, and both occupants were thrown out and disabled by their injuries. The pursuit had to be abandoned, but a description of the missing men was sent out by telegraph to the neighboring cities.

Sheriff Rushmore arrived on the ground late in the evening. He is not peculiarly responsible for either of the four prisoners. They would have been taken to Sing Sing on the same morning had their commitments arrived.

Wife-Beater Rightly Used.

BATH, N. H., June 26.—Much excitement exists in this vicinity over the summary punishment which was on yesterday meted out to Ephraim French, a laborer in a mill at Benton, who gave his wife a merciless beating. The mill hands, learning of it, seized French, bound him, and carried into the woods, threatening to hang him, and frightened him almost to death. They then stripped and tarred and feathered him and let him go. French ran away and has not been seen since.

Newspaper reporters are not allowed to see criminals hanged in England.

AN INFERNAL ORGIE.

Blood-Curdling Tragedy in a Montreal Brothel Resulting From a Night of Barbarous Revelry Under Sway of

VILELY DEBASING PASSIONS.*

A Once Beautiful Woman Falls a Victim to the Devilry of the Hour, is Fouly Murdered and her Body

MOST HIDEOUSLY MUTILATED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

MONTREAL, June 28.—The city is considerably excited to-day over a dreadful affair which occurred yesterday afternoon in broad daylight in the midst of factories, dwelling-houses and busy traffic, but which remained hidden until midnight, and even then assumed a degree of mystery which kept the daily press very much in the dark as to the facts. Well on toward midnight a police constable going his rounds was informed that there was something wrong in the house 242 William street, Griffintown. He hurried to the spot and had the place surrounded by a squad of police. The house is a wooden building of the old French build, one story high, and upon ascending a pair of stairs the officers entered a front room and found a woman named Susan Myers feigning sleep.

The entrance to the room in the rear was open, and here was disclosed an appalling sight.

Lying front downward was the body of a woman, her hand and arm stretched upon the floor, while her right lay under her, and close to the headless shoulders was a large pool of blood. In a moderate sized washtub close to the body was found the head of the victim. It had been hacked from the trunk, and was mangled and battered in a terrible manner. The face was untouched, with the exception of a small cut on the forehead, and showed that it had belonged to a beautiful woman, while the small hands and feet and good figure of the corpse showed that when well dressed

THE WOMAN MUST HAVE BEEN A BEAUTY.

Turning over the body the police found that the right hand of the victim was missing, and looking again in the tub the hand was found imbedded in the clotted gore which covered the bottom of that vessel.

They held aloft the light and surveyed the ghastly scene, when it was discovered that there must have been a terrible struggle for life by the hapless victim. The stove-pipes were knocked down and the floor and walls smeared with blood. The woman Myers at first denied all knowledge of the murder, but afterward blamed it upon a man named Michael Flannagan. She was searched and resisted violently. Her wearing apparel was found to consist of three dresses. The first taken off showed no sign of disorder, but the second

BORE MARKS OF BLOOD.

Removing this disclosed the third dress. The tell-tale blood was found to have saturated it and the apron which covered it. Further search revealed the bloody ax, which had been concealed at the bottom of a trunk full of clothes. It was covered with blood, hair and pieces of flesh.

To-day Flannagan was identified as the man last seen with the murdered woman, but Mrs. Myers is generally looked upon as the murderess. For a long time the body of the victim remained for identification, and was visited by thousands. At length it was identified as the body of Mary Gallagher, wife of James Connolly, a sailor, from whom she had been separated for some years. The utmost horror is felt at the dreadful crime, and it is believed that the guilty parties will be hanged.

Savage Revenge on a False Wife.

One of the saddest pictures of marital infelicity that can well be conceived came to light shortly after midnight on the morning of the 30th ult., in the Fourth precinct station. Eight years ago Thomas Brown, a native of Stamford, Conn., married a girl who was a native of Ireland. Their married life was anything but happy and a separation took place eleven months ago. Brown, who is a paper stainer by trade, betook himself to a boarding house, 245 East Fifty-ninth street, and his wife, he alleges, abandoned herself to a life of shame. Brown did not lose all interest in her, however, and was careful to trace her to her different haunts, the last of which was at 212 William street. Thither he followed on the night of the 29th ult., acting on information that aroused his wrath to the highest pitch. Rushing up the stairs to the room occupied by the young woman he knocked for admission, but found the door locked against him. He thereupon burst open the door and discovered his wife and a man named Frank Murphy in the room. He sprang at Murphy, but was intercepted by his wife, who clutched his arms. Releasing himself, he grasped the lighted kerosene lamp and hurled it at his wife, smashing the glass and scattering the burning fluid over her head, shoulders, breast and arms. Murphy fled and the unfortunate woman who was terribly burned, was taken to the Fourth precinct station, and thence to the Chambers Street Hospital. The skin peeled off her forehead, lips, eyelids, arms and breast, and her agony as she appealed to the physician to relieve her was heartrending. Blood flowed freely from a laceration on the left side of the head and beamed her face. Her condition is very critical. Brown was arrested and locked up. He said that he felt exasperated at his wife's wretched course of life, and was determined to take some measures to check her in her career. He knew she had a furnished room at 212 William street, and he made up his mind to watch her in that street. He says he did not intend to injure her seriously, but as soon as he raised the lamp she caught it, and in the struggle which followed the oil was spilled over her. She has had two

children, both of whom are dead. One of the disgraceful features of the case is the fact that Mrs. Brown's brother, Thomas Croker, was in the house during the altercation and endeavored to detain Murphy, but did not succeed in doing so. Croker is locked up as a witness.

KILLED BY HER CONVICT LOVER.

A Passion which Germinated within the Walls of a Prison and Culminated, not Unnaturally, in Murder.

NEW ORLEANS, June 21.—Yesterday morning, on the death of Mollie McClennan, at her home on Commerce, near Girod street, a strange story was developed, showing how love germinated in the penitentiary between fellow-convicts, begat jealousy and led to murder most foul.

The victim, Mollie McClennan, a likely mulattress, two years ago last May, was sentenced to serve a term of two years at hard labor in the state penitentiary, for assaulting and wounding a Miss McElroy, on Foucher street. A year and a half of her punishment had passed when Jerry Beals appeared under sentence of six months for hog stealing in one of the parishes. Jerry saw Mollie, and loved her to the full extent of his brute nature. He showed her every little attention that one convict could toward another, and unceasingly urged her to marry him when they regained their liberty. Mollie, however, did not reciprocate his passion, and made no effort to conceal her contempt for such a petty thief. Anything but hog stealing she could have forgotten. Had he been a greater criminal

SHE COULD HAVE WORSHIPPED HIM.

Thus they finished their respective terms. Outside the prison walls, Jerry pressed his suit with unabating zeal, but to no purpose.

Mollie came to the city and took a room on Constance, between Callopie and Gaienne streets, where Jerry followed her and renewed his entreaties for her love. Again she turned a deaf ear to his pleading and drove him from the door.

On the morning of the 3rd of May, about three o'clock, Jerry, armed with a large, triangular-shaped rock, again appeared at the house, and, profiting by his convict experience, noiselessly forced the wooden bar which secured the room.

Entering the room wherein Mollie and her daughter Agnes White placidly slumbered, Jerry proceeded to Mollie's bed and drove the jagged edge of the rock into her neck, just below the left ear. The dull thud of the blow and Mollie's stifled scream, aroused Agnes, who quickly arose, and by the dim light of a small coal oil lamp, saw and recognized Jerry as he fled from the room.

Fearing the worst, Agnes hastened to her mother's bedside to find her, to all appearances, dead, and beside her the

FATAL INSTRUMENT BESMEARED WITH BLOOD.

Agnes gave the alarm, but by the time the police arrived Jerry had effectually escaped, and since then has managed to evade arrest.

Recovering from the immediate effects of the blow, Mollie the same day moved to a room on Commerce street, and from thence went to the hospital. There her wound was dressed, and, although informed that it would in all probability result fatally, she insisted on returning to her room. For a week she went daily to the hospital, and then, being unable to longer continue her visits, she remained another week without surgical attention.

Finally, when tetanus set in, a physician was summoned, but too late to be of any assistance. Yesterday morning, at fifteen minutes to seven o'clock, she died.

Coroner Markey held an inquest, and on examination of the body by Dr. Chastent, city physician, it was conclusively shown that Mollie's death was caused by tetanus.

The wonder is that she did not die of loss of blood, as the wound, although partly healed, was fully two inches in diameter and jagged, from which portions of her fractured skull protruded. The police are on the lookout for Jerry.

Sensational Suicide of a Faithless Wife.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., June 25.—Mrs. Mina Berg, aged thirty-one, wife of Henry Berg, committed suicide last night by taking morphine, from the effects of which she was found dead in bed this morning. On the inquest it was discovered she had been on terms of intimacy with Matt Schnautz, a German farmer of means, living in this county, and who usually stopped at her house when in town, her husband, an easy-going fellow, not suspecting anything wrong. Lately Schnautz, it seems, had been paying his attentions to Mrs. Berg's step-daughter, a mere girl of fourteen or fifteen, and Mrs. Berg is supposed to have been jealous of the girl. She told a female companion last night that she was going to kill herself because Schnautz ran with another woman. They went out and bought morphine, but as she was in the habit of using it, nothing was feared. She took an over-dose and went to sleep with the result stated. Schnautz slept in the house last night, and took the young girl out riding. He is a man of family and means, but of loose character. The verdict was suicide. While a little son of the suicide was giving vent to his grief, the step-daughter moved about without any sign of emotion, and this has been commented on considerably, and some are free to say that the great jealousy of the deceased was aroused by Schnautz's attentions to the girl. There is little if any thing in the girl's appearance to give ground to this conclusion, as she is very girlish and immature in appearance, and not at all attractive. This is the second suicide of the same kind here within a few weeks wherein wives have rushed out of the world to escape the pangs of illicit love.

A Colorado man lately walked across the Missouri river at Leavenworth with water-shoes of his own invention. The current was running at fourteen miles an hour, yet he crossed in nine and a half minutes.

SHAME'S SANGUINARY SEQUEL.

A Virginia Planter's Illicit Relations With a Mulatto Girl Becoming Irksome, he Calls the Instrumentality of Murder to Aid him in Ridding Himself of his Victim.

LOUISA COURT HOUSE, Va., June 27th.—Scarcely had the excitement in this county in regard to the brutal murder of C. C. Walton, at Yanceyville, abated, than the report of another, and, if possible, more horrible crime is given. In this instance the victim is a colored woman named Ellen Coleman, about twenty-two years of age. She lived about ten miles from this place, and on Friday evening told her mother that she intended going to see Mr. William Groom (whose relations to her will be mentioned hereafter) and would return in a very short time. Hour after hour rolled on and Ellen did not return, the old lady became anxious and when Saturday morning came without her, fearing something had happened, she set out in search of her. Some of those living near at hand were notified and soon the whole neighborhood was aroused and a general and vigorous search was instituted, for a long time without result. Finally, in the afternoon, the first

TRACE OF THE MISSING WOMAN WAS DISCOVERED.

This was the appearance, in a thick woods, near to what is termed "The Hickory Spring," of evidences of a struggle. The leaves had the appearance of having been disturbed, the bushes were bruised and, more than all, a fragment of the apron worn by the missing girl when she left home on the previous evening was found. This left no doubt upon the minds of those engaged in prosecuting the search that the woman had been murdered and the search was continued more actively than ever. A little further on, near the path which leads from Coleman's house to William Groom's residence, there were evidences of a still greater struggle, but, notwithstanding a thorough search, no more traces could be found that day.

Satisfied that some foul deed had been committed, on the following morning the neighbors had turned out en masse and about noon their efforts were rewarded by finding the body of the unfortunate woman in the North Anna River, about thirty yards below Vars' Ford and three-quarters of a mile from where the principal struggle, as indicated by the ground, had taken place.

THE SCENE PRESENTED WAS A HORRIBLE ONE.

A jury of inquest was summoned, before whom a number of witnesses were sworn. The evidence elicited the fact that William J. Groom had long had improper relations with the murdered woman, and that he was the putative father of her two children and of the one yet unborn; that she had seen Groom during the early part of the week, and he had told her he would be working his corn all that week; that her tracks were seen in his cornfield; that she had said, upon leaving home the last time, that she was going to see Willie Groom to get some money; that she was not subsequently seen alive; that she had worried him for money, and that his sisters had talked to him about his connection with her. It was shown also that Groom had given the deceased some meal not long ago, and that herself, children and mother were made sick by it, and there was strong suspicion, though not direct proof, that it was an attempt at poisoning. These and other links made out a complete chain of circumstantial evidence against Groom. Facts were also elicited which served to implicate one William H. Clements. A verdict in accordance with the evidence was found and given, and Clements was arrested and committed to jail.

The general accepted theory of the crime is that Groom had been very much worried by the woman, his relations to whom had become disagreeable to him, and that he determined to rid himself of her

BY CLOSING HER MOUTH FOREVER.

It is thought that the deceased went to Groom's cornfield, where he was at work, and that he told her to go down to the Hickory Spring, as his sisters did not like to see her about the place, and he would meet her there and give her money or talk the matter over; that he went thither and that the murder took place in that secret spot. The bruise on the temple was examined by a physician and thought not to have been sufficient to have caused death itself, and the hickory rope around the neck, (a running noose), and the fact of the neck having been broken tend so show that she was hanged or the noose drawn until she was choked to death after she was stunned with the blow; that following the death of the poor woman her body was tied as described and sunk in the river, with the vain hope that it was effectually concealed.

Groom, who is, from the facts developed, regarded as the principal in the murder, is twenty-nine years of age, and, aside from his relations to the deceased, has always borne a fair character. These, however, have been sufficient to seriously affect his social standing, causing him to be almost isolated from the society of those with whom he formerly associated. Clements is thirty years of age, and has also heretofore borne a fair character. While talking with him he protested his innocence and expressed the hope that the public would not condemn him for complicity in the crime simply because he had been suspected and before he had

AN OPPORTUNITY TO VINDICATE HIMSELF.

He talked freely and composedly about the affair, and remarked calmly, but firmly and unflinchingly, that such a crime should receive its merited condemnation and that the person who would commit such a fiendish crime would do anything in the world no matter how bad. He said he desired the prayers of all good people that the innocent might not be allowed to suffer for the acts of the guilty.

Groom talked calmly and deliberately. When told that he was generally suspected of the crime he simply answered, "It seems so."

The conversation which followed referred mostly to his relations with the deceased, which he did not deny, though he spoke very slightly of her character. Though afforded several opportunities he said nothing in reference to his guilt or innocence—his action in this respect being in marked contrast to that of his companion.

The accused will be indicted by the grand jury of the Louisa county court on the 14th prox., and will probably elect to be tried by the circuit court at the September term, which right is given every prisoner under the Virginia law where crime is punishable by death. Both parties have employed counsel.

A MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE.

Revelation of a Bit of Old-Time Romance in an Alleged Plot to Assassinate an Agent of the Famous Anneke Jans Legacy.

CINCINNATI, June 27.—Colonel Wappenstein, chief of police, received yesterday a package of papers from Amsterdam, Holland, containing letters and newspaper extracts which, if true, indicate that an attempt had been made to assassinate E. B. Humphreys, who went abroad some months since in the interest of certain western claimants for the Anneke Jans estate. Some six or eight months ago a meeting of the Anneke Jans heirs was held here, and Humphreys agreed to go to Europe in their interest. Henry Spillman, the western attorney of the heirs, corroborates this and says that some dissatisfaction existed among them at Humphreys' demand for money to bear his expenses, they claiming that he went on percentage, bearing his own expenses. The first of the letters in Chief Wappenstein's possession is anonymous, but is addressed to Humphreys' wife, who resides at 319 West Twenty-second street, New York city, and bears date of Zanesville, February 28. It says that "a plot has come to the writer's knowledge; that several secret meetings have been held in Ohio and Indiana for the purpose of devising some way to

PUT MR. HUMPHREYS OUT OF THE WAY.

He has done them great injustice by keeping them out of their money. One of their number volunteered to go to Holland and assassinate him if he could be found if they would raise money to defray his expenses; and it was not half an hour before they collected \$1,000 for the purpose, so I expect he is on his way there now. He is to book on the steamer under a fictitious name and from a different part of the country than where he belongs, and go to Liverpool as a tourist for a cloak. So there is not a moment to be lost." The letter concludes by asking her to telegraph her husband, warning him of his danger.

The next letter is from Humphreys himself to the chief of police of Cincinnati, detailing with great minuteness his meeting, on the fourth of June, a German calling himself Willen, whose wife, he says, has relations in Steuben county, Ind. After paying him social attentions for a day or two he parted from him one night under suspicion that Willen was

WAS THE MAN HE WAS WARNED AGAINST.

Later the same night Willen emerged from his hotel in search of Humphreys, and got into an altercation with the police. He having a long knife, seriously wounded the first police officer and took his saber away from him. Then two more officers came up and with the saber he hacked and cut them. The difficulty becoming general, some sailors came up, and with boat-hooks attacked Willen and nearly killed him. The letter further says that Willen had near \$1,000 on his person. A newspaper article from *De Standard*, of Amsterdam, gives substantially the same account of the altercation.

The third letter is addressed to H. Spillman, Cincinnati, agent of the Anneke Jans heirs. In it Humphreys asks the following questions, without referring to the other circumstances: "What have you said of me to members of your committee or association? What is the purport of different secret meetings held at Cincinnati, Ohio, and in Indiana and other places? What is the name of the gentleman whom you proposed to send out here, and for what purpose was the \$1,000 subscribed? What was the amount paid you by the fourteen claimants whose documents were prepared by John T. Hamilton, of Otte, Clarke county, Indiana? Did you not inform them that the amount of funds paid by them included the amount required and agreed on each \$750 to be sent to me with each individual document? You are aware that only \$750 was sent me with the fourteen documents

WHEN \$9,750 WAS DUE ON THEM."

This letter purports to be a copy of one sent to Spillman, but he says he never received any such letter, and all he knows about its contents is that there was some dissatisfaction among the Jans heirs at being assessed to pay the expenses of Humphreys, when he went out on a percentage. He further says that he thinks Humphreys has taken advantage of the circumstances to magnify his own importance and help to strengthen himself with the heirs. Still the whole thing is mysterious, and will awaken a new interest in the prosecution of the claims of the heirs of the vast estate which is associated with the name of Anneke Jans.

A Dangerous Counterfeit.

A new counterfeit \$5 legal tender note has made its appearance in western New York. It is of the series of 1875, and bears the names of Register Allison and Treasurer Wyman. It is executed on a printed imitation of fiber paper which is lighter than the genuine. The portrait of Jackson is good, but the general appearance of the note is bad. Bankers pronounced it a dangerous counterfeit. A quantity of this spurious money was passed on Saturday, 21st, at Buffalo, N. Y., and later several of the shovers were arrested at Dunkirk. The notes were probably issued from some Canadian point, as the persons arrested were traced from Canada and had in their possession a quantity of small bills on Canadian banks which were genuine—the proceeds probably of operations there with these bad notes.

Steals for Charity's Sake.

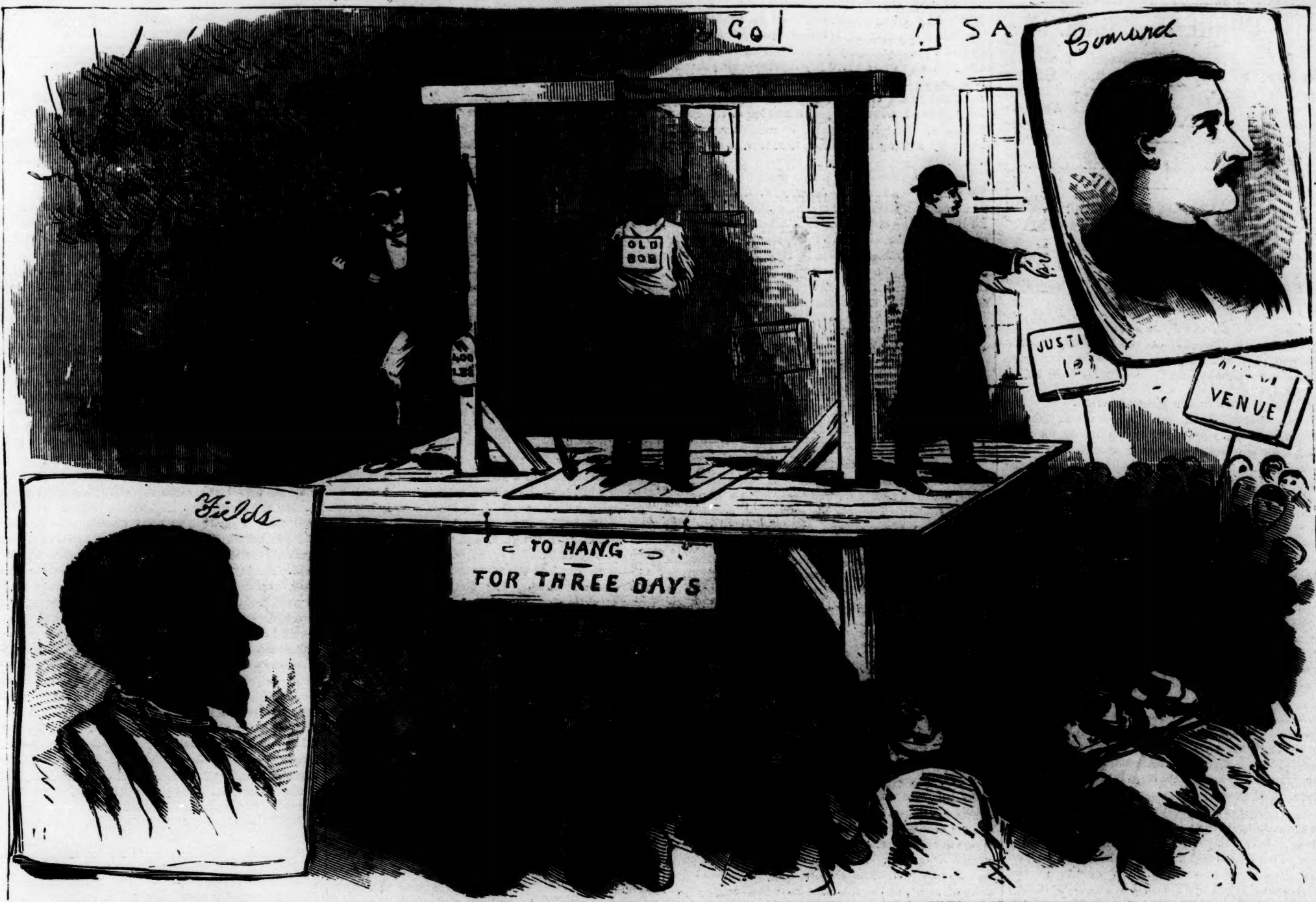
ELKHART, Ind., June 25.—Sile Doty, well known in Jackson state prison, was taken out of Cone Bank, St. Joe River, a few miles up, to-day. He had been occupied for two months. He was taken to Coldwater where he was wanted. He steals from the rich and gives to the poor. He does not steal for personal benefit, but to help some poor person.



AN INFERNAL ORGIE AND ITS FINALE—FRIGHTFUL MURDER AND DECAPITATION OF MARY GALLAGHER, A BEAUTIFUL BUT ABANDONED WOMAN AFTER A RIGOROUS DEBAUCH AND SUBSEQUENT QUARREL WITH HER DEPRAVED COMPANION, IN A NOTORIOUS BROTHEL, IN MONTREAL, CANADA.—SEE PAGE.



MARTIN SIMMONS FATALLY SHOOTS JACOB HANSELL, HIS EMPLOYER OF WHOM HE WAS JEALOUS, ON DETECTING HIM IN SUSPICIOUS COMPANIONSHIP WITH HIS WIFE, DURING A PRETENDED ABSENCE FROM HOME; BURLINGTON, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 11.



HANGING A GOVERNOR IN EFFIGY—HOW THE CITIZENS OF HOUSTON, TEXAS, DISPLAYED THEIR INDIGNATION AT THE COURSE OF GOVERNOR ROBERTS IN COMMUTING THE DEATH SENTENCES OF THE MURDERER, RICHARD M. COWARD AND JOHN FIELDS, THE BRUTAL NEGRO ASSAILANT OF WOMEN.—SEE PAGE 11.



AN INJURED WIFE'S AWFUL SELF-DESTRUCTION—MRS. PEARCE, WIFE OF THE POSTMASTER OF BRISTOL, R. I., FRENZIED BY THE ALLEGED INFIDELITY OF HER HUSBAND, WRAPS HERSELF IN HER BED CLOTHING, WHICH SHE HAD SATURATED WITH KEROSENE, AND SETS FIRE TO IT WITH SUICIDAL INTENT.—SEE PAGE 2.

CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses
Against Person and
Property.

MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

Unparalleled Atrocities of a Brace of Fiendish
Monsters in Human Shape Towards
Their Helpless Little Ones.

THE WEEKLY NEGRO RAPE REPORT.

COONS ON THE SHOOT.

SAVANNAH, Ga., June 25.—At the St. Johns celebration yesterday, at Thunderbolt, three negroes quarreled about a woman, and three of them were shot—one dead.

PUNISHED FOR MISCEGENATION.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., June 25.—William Nelson, colored, was to-day sent to the penitentiary for marrying a white woman contrary to statutes of which he was ignorant. The case excites much discussion here.

THE CHICAGO PICNIC TRAGEDY.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 27.—Judge McAllister, after hearing evidence regarding the shooting affair of last Sunday, held the lieutenant and two privates of the Bohemian Sharpshooters to await the result of the wounded man's injuries.

MURDER AND ROBBERY BY TRAMPS.

ALTON, Ill., June 27.—This morning, near Alton Junction, two harvesters were met by two tramps who attempted to rob them. Resistance was made and one of the harvesters was shot and killed and both were robbed. The tramps fled and are now being pursued by a posse of citizens.

FATAL AFFRAY BETWEEN WOMEN.

FLINT, Mich., June 25.—Two women, neither married, named Flaxena Kennedy and Rhoda Walker, of this city, got into a violent altercation to-day, in the course of which Kennedy knocked Walker down and kicked her in the head, inflicting injuries of a fatal nature. The quarrel arose over domestic matters.

MYSTERIOUS ASSAULT ON A LADY.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, June 25.—Mrs. R. C. Montgomery, a lady well known in this city, was assaulted in her father's yard last night by unknown men and beaten in a terrible manner. The motive of the brutal assault is unknown, but it is supposed it was made by robbers on being frustrated in their plans. The victim is in a precarious condition.

DEED OF A DEMON FATHER.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., June 28.—Jesse Owens, a saloon-keeper of Coesse, fifteen miles from here, attempted to murder his four motherless children. He first assaulted his seven-year-old son, tearing off his ear, and then stabbed his daughter, aged nine, inflicting three wounds. Then with a club he beat the four children until their bodies were a mass of wounds. He was arrested.

DESPERATE STREET DUEL.

CYNTHIANA, Ky., June 23.—A shooting affray which may result fatally occurred in this city at a late hour to-night, the parties concerned being Wash Craigmyle, a saloon-keeper, and Ernest Roper, a young painter. They met on the corner of Pike and Walnut streets, when the firing began, three shots being exchanged, one of which took effect in Craigmyle's groin and one passing through his shoulder and coming out of his breast, and his case is regarded as very dangerous. Roper is now in jail, and claims he shot in self-defense.

VERDICT OF MANSLAUGHTER.

BURLINGTON, Iowa, June 25.—The trial of John Hill for the murder of John Buckner about five weeks ago, which has been in progress the last three days, resulted at a late hour this evening in a verdict of manslaughter. The particulars of the crime are briefly these: A party of three negroes were engaged playing cards in a back-room of a low saloon on Front street. A dispute arose, a fight followed, which ended in Buckner being stabbed in the head and breast five times by a pair of long barber's scissors in the hands of Hill, who was a barber by trade. Death ensued in twenty minutes, and the murderer was arrested one hour after the bloody deed.

PARRICIDE IN A BROTHEL.

CINCINNATI, O., June 25.—John Jung, who keeps a house of prostitution near Carthage, in Hamilton county, was shot and killed to-night in an altercation with his son. The young man ran away, but was afterward caught, and is now in custody of the marshal of Carthage. The quarrel between father and son arose over the ownership of a billiard table. The father was drunk and the son was sober. After a hot dispute the father started to get a shot-gun. Then Charles, the son, fired with his revolver, and the ball entered the father's abdomen and lodged just under the skin on his back. The son is twenty-eight years old.

A LECHEROUS DENTIST SHOT.

PLATTE CITY, Mo., June 23.—Dr. R. L. Spencer, a dentist and a prominent citizen, was shot this morning by Wiley Stallard, a farmer, living near town. Spencer was sitting in front of his office reading a paper, when Stallard approached, drew his pistol and fired. Spencer ran through a store-room, and Stallard followed, still shooting. Spencer fell in the back yard of the store, and died almost instantly. Stallard surrendered. He states that the dentist, while operating on his wife's teeth, administered whisky and opiates, and while she was under their influence took improper liberties with her person and attempted an outrage. Spencer leaves a wife and five children. All the parties are highly respectable.

A MISCREANT'S LUCKY ESCAPE.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., June 28.—Late last night W. J. A. Johnson committed a brutal assault upon Lizzie Sherwood, a child even years old, and afterward fled across the river to Arkansas. This morning Sergeant

Kunholz, of the police force, went over the river and succeeded in arresting Johnson, not, however, until he had disabled him by shooting him in the thigh. The girl, who was injured in a most shocking manner, now lies in a critical condition. Fearing a demonstration against Johnson, Chief of Police Athy had him removed from the police station to the county jail. John Porter, who aided Johnson's escape last night by rowing him across the river, is also under arrest.

ESCAPE OF TWO OF THE OLIVE GANG OF ASSASSINS.
OMAHA, Neb., June 27.—Barney P. Gillan and M. Armstrong, of the Olive gang, now under indictment for the burning and killing of Mitchell and Ketchum, escaped from jail at Plumb Creek about nine o'clock last night. As the guard was locking up the prisoners Gillan covered him with a revolver, and Armstrong threatened him with a knife. The prisoners carried the jailer outside, and stealing two horses, the jailer was mounted behind one and taken eight miles north and then released. He returned at three o'clock this morning in a frightful storm and gave the alarm. Before leaving Gillan and Armstrong had locked up the only other prisoner, Kelly, their accomplice. The fugitives are supposed to be making for camp Doe Middleton, a famous resort for outlaws and horse-thieves. A band of men are in pursuit.

FATAL NEGRO STAMPING MATCH.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 25.—A fight between two colored men, occurring in one of the outer wards last night, resulted fatally for one of them this morning. Charles Richards removed his household goods to a new abode on Wylie avenue, and had assisting him another colored man named Charles Green. Last night when Green demanded pay for his services an altercation arose which resulted in a savage fight, in which Green knocked Richards down and jumped on his prostrate body with both feet, stamping him on the stomach and abdomen until he was nearly dead. After the quarrel Green made himself scarce, and Richards was conveyed to his new home, where Dr. Thorn rendered medical aid. Richards died from his injuries about four o'clock this morning. His last hour was spent amid great suffering. Green, the colored assailant, was arrested shortly after Richards' death by Officer Scott Taper, a colored member of the force. He was safely conducted to the lock-up.

THE BLOODY KNIFE IN KENTUCKY.

NELSON FURNACE, Ky., June 23.—Another bloody affray occurred at Alvey's Cross-Roads, between this place and Hodgenville, late yesterday afternoon.

Some months since George Spencer (better known as Gee Spencer) and Joseph Deever, both married and farmers by profession, jointly rented a farm from a man named Fox. The renters, it appears, have got along all right, and at this time have good crops growing; but, aside from their farm business, they also transacted other affairs, which resulted in Spencer owing Deever a small amount of money, which was the cause of the fight. The men met late yesterday afternoon, and while talking over the money business Deever became angry, called Spencer a liar, and then, seizing a piece of fence-rail, dealt him a blow, which Spencer warded off with his left arm and then closing in on Deever, plunged a knife into him several times. The wounded man appeared to lose all self-control as he felt the knife piercing him, and, reeling around several times, fell to the ground speechless. He will probably die.

FRIGHTFUL OUTRAGES BY KENTUCKY ROUGHS.

BURNSVILLE, Ky., June 27.—A party of six young rascals, armed with weapons of every conceivable character, raided the Ridge, in this county, carrying terror and dismay in every house intruded upon. The residence of Phillip Cove was forcibly entered, and wife, daughters and husband, powerless to defend themselves, were compelled to submit to indignities and indecencies of the most outrageous character. While two of the gang with raised clubs over the young husband, threatening his life, the others dragged his wife from the bed, forced her into the yard, where she was outraged. The outrage was committed upon her under the eyes of her husband, who was unable to move or defend her, but compelled to witness the scene until more than half the night had been consumed in satisfying their brutish desires. Every member of the drunken party took part in the hellish work. After swearing to return and slay their victims in the event they were reported to the authorities they left the scene of their crimes. The officers went in pursuit.

A LESSON FOR A LECHER.

SOUTH SOLOM, O., June 24.—On the 21st inst., at his home, John Powell was said to have made improper advances to a sister-in-law, who was stopping with his family for a short time. The young lady resisted his efforts, and finally, in company with her sister (Powell's wife, ran across the street to Lewis Hornback's. Hornback is an uncle to the injured girl, and to him she related what had occurred, and further stated that some time ago, while returning with Powell from a relative's funeral, in passing through a heavy woods, he by force compelled her to yield to his desires, and through fear the matter has been kept a secret since. Mr. Hornback informed some friends of the young lady's disclosures, and by night every thing was hot. A crowd of infuriated citizens from the town and country, estimated at from fifty to one hundred, masked themselves and went to Powell's house, trotted him out, marched him to the creek and gave him an hour's ducking; then, to vary the exercise, stood him on the pike and threw eggs at him to the mob's satisfaction.

CAPTURE OF AN ALLEGHENY BANK ROBBER.

FALLS CITY, Pa., June 23.—Interesting developments were made to-day in the robbery of the Workingmen's Savings Bank of Allegheny, which attracted so much attention at the time, March 30, from the boldness of the scheme and the bravery of Cashier Walters. This afternoon Detective Jerry Smith returned from Wheeling with Charles Dailey, one of the robbers. Dailey is the son of the jailer of the Wheeling jail, who acquired notoriety by releasing from jail a well-known thief. It is known that the robbery was planned by five well-known thieves, and was fixed for March 29. Two of the men backed out and three came to this city to

carry it out. On the 29th the three hovered around the bank, but two detectives happened accidentally to be in that neighborhood and frightened them away. The robbery was committed the next day. The men got their hands on \$15,000, but were obliged to drop most of it under the rapid firing of Cashier Walters. The thieves got away with about \$1,900. The detectives got a clue from Dailey's boasting of a scalp wound from a pistol ball, which he said he got in a scrimmage up in Pittsburgh. The detectives know the names of the other two thieves, but there whereabouts is unknown.

NEGRO RAVISHER HANGED.

FOREST CITY, Ark., June 27.—Henry Taylor, colored, who committed rape on a seven-year-old colored girl near Wheatley, in this county, on the 13th of last September, and was convicted at the April term of the circuit court at this place, was hung here at twenty-one minutes past two o'clock this afternoon.

The story of the crime is as follows: Taylor was employed by the girl's father on a farm, and being left in charge of the children while the family attended church on the day named above, accomplished his purpose on the child. He was sentenced to be hanged on the 13th of May, but was reprieved by the Governor until to-day. Every effort was made by his former master, who doubted his guilt, to obtain a commutation to imprisonment for life, but without success. Repeated interviews failed to elicit a confession. He ascended the scaffold with a smile on his face, delivered an address to the colored people, protesting his innocence, calling upon all to meet him in heaven. Tears and loud groans greeted his words. The cap was placed over his face, and after a song by the negroes, Sheriff Parham sprung the trigger. His neck was not broken, and death ensued from strangulation in fourteen minutes. The body was cut down at seven minutes to three o'clock. Taylor had been a Baptist preacher.

CONFESSION OF A MURDEROUS NEGRO.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 27.—The murder of an aged miser, Elbridge G. Rewey, at Newark Valley, Tioga county, on Wednesday night, the 25th, previously published, proves to have been a particularly cold-blooded crime. Searles, the negro murderer, to-day made a confession. He says he went alone to the house, and seeing a light, tried the door, and, finding it unfastened, entered. Rewey was sitting by a small stand in the corner of the room, reading. Searles remarked that it was warm, and then told him he wanted to borrow some money. Rewey refused him, saying, "I've no money to lend." Searles then struck him on the head with a heavy wooden bootjack making a severe wound. They grappled and in the struggle moved diagonally across the room to a door opening into a back kitchen. While near this door he cut Rewey's throat with a razor, breaking the weapon in the attempt. He then got a jack-knife from Rewey's pocket and finished the deed. He left the knife lying on the body of the murdered man to convey the impression that he had committed suicide. He ransacked the house and got a silver watch and \$237.35 in money. The negroes Coleman and Balder, to whom Searles confessed before the crime was discovered, are now implicated and are under arrest. The community is greatly excited.

A MONSTER IN HUMAN SHAPE.

ATLANTA, Ga., June 29.—A horrible case of filicide has just been decided in the Randolph County Court. A man by the name of Jones killed his son of about ten years of age. There seems to have been no provocation for the murder except that the father had a settled aversion to the boy, which manifested itself in his frequently mistreating the child. One Sunday Jones and his wife had some relatives come to spend the day and night with them. At dusk the whole crowd started out the gate to go to church, some mile or so away. The father and son had had a quarrel that evening, and the boy had been badly whipped. When the party started to church the step-father declined going, saying that he had something important to attend to. He was seen at church, however, about an hour after the others reached there. He said that he had left the boy at home, and had carefully locked him up in the house where no harm could come to him. When the boy was next seen he was dead, his body being found in the hearth in the midst of a smoldering fire. He was badly burned, but it was apparent that he came to his death from a dark mark around his throat, showing that he had been strangled, and also that an unskillful and hurried attempt had been made to kindle the fire around him so that his body would be consumed. Jones was arrested, tried and convicted of murder, but the jury recommended him to mercy, which, under the amended laws of Georgia, saved him from the gallows and limited the sentence to imprisonment for life. His case was carried up to the Supreme Court, which court will not decide the appeal until the next term.

ANOTHER MURDER MYSTERY.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 28.—At a very late hour last night meager information reached here that Mrs. Agnes Dieckmann, wife of William Dieckmann, a farmer, living at Bluff Ridge, St. Louis county, about twenty miles from this city, had been very mysteriously murdered in bed early yesterday morning. To-night additional information has been received, but nothing which serves to clear up the mystery or fasten the deed upon anybody. It appears that William Dieckmann left home about four o'clock yesterday morning and came to St. Louis to sell some farm produce, leaving his wife in bed, and Joseph Stockli, a neighbor, who had helped him to prepare for market in the morning, at his house. Some three hours later Fred Schoypper, a brother of Mrs. Dieckmann, called at the house, where he found Stockli and a negroman named Lyle, who were going to cut wheat for Dieckmann, and not finding his sister up he and Stockli went to her room and found her dead in bed, with a remnant of an old calico dress on, a bullet hole in her forehead and another just behind the left ear, and still another in the neck, several slight cuts on the head and neck and the bed saturated with blood. Intense excitement followed the discovery. Esquire Ravens was notified and a coroner's jury was summoned. The testimony elicited nothing tending to implicate

any one as the perpetrator of the deed. Dieckmann returned home during the afternoon, but could throw no light on the mystery. He expressed a belief, however, that Stockli committed the murder, and the latter was arrested. Dieckmann was also arrested and both were lodged in jail. Mrs. Dieckmann's infant, about a year old, was found nearly smothered in the bed with its murdered mother. The deepest kind of mystery surrounds the whole affair, and the inquest will be continued until a thorough investigation is made.

ALMOST A HULL AFFAIR.

PITTSBURG, Pa., June 25.—This morning about daylight a daring affair, without serious results, but resembling the Hull case, occurred in Allegheny. About four o'clock Harvey Bollman, one of our oldest and best-known citizens, who resides on the Brighton road, about a mile from the terminus of the Pleasant Valley Street-car Line, was rudely awakened and dragged from his bed by three men, who proceeded to bind him hand and foot in such a way that struggles were impossible, and who then demanded of him the place where he kept his valuables. Upon his refusal to tell them, they used him very roughly. Finding that the old gentleman was obstinate, they went to the rooms occupied by the house-keeper and servant-girl, but their threats so terrified the women that they were unable to give them the desired information. By this time it was becoming daylight so rapidly that the scoundrels did not venture to prosecute the search any further, and, after firing one shot from a revolver at the frightened housekeeper, they took their departure, without having obtained anything of value. Mr. Bollman is an aged man, who has been quite blind for several years and is partially deaf. His injuries, therefore, are more serious than they would be otherwise. His wrists are severely bruised from the pressure of the cords upon them. His eyes are blackened and swollen from the blows which he received on the face, and he has a severe cut on the forehead, which was probably administered by a club or some blunt weapon in the hands of the robbers. Beyond the fright and some slight bruises, the women received no injuries. The inmates of the dwelling were in such a state of terror that they were unable to give the slightest description of the men. All they can say is that they appeared to be young. Mr. Bollman is the local character who voted in 1844 that he would never shave until Henry Clay was elected president. He has kept the vow.

Triply Fatal Triangular Duel.

[Subject of Illustration.]

SADALIA, Mo., June 26.—The little town of Aullville, Lexington Branch road, 35 miles northwest of this city, in Lafayette county, was the scene of another terrible shooting affray yesterday, in which one man was killed instantly and two others were mortally wounded. The parties to the entire encounter were R. S. and Robert Taylor and B. C. Wren. All three are farmers and are neighbors, living about six miles from Aullville. R. S. Taylor or Dick, as he is better known, was a very high-tempered young man, and looked upon as dangerous. All three, however, have property and were considered reputable citizens. The Taylors had a difficulty with Wren some months ago about the loan of an implement, and this had grown into a feeling of deadly hatred on both sides. The Taylors while making some purchases yesterday afternoon, drank at several places and, began to air their grievances about Wren. Some words that Wren had used were repeated by them, and they immediately announced their intention of having a settlement. They met Wren on the main street, within view of twenty or thirty people, and demanded if he had spoken derogatory words attributed to him. He said he had. Wren was a very powerful man, and the scene which ensued was one of swift vengeance all round. Wren had hardly affirmed his opinion of the Taylors when the latter drew revolvers, and, placing them almost against Wren's body, fired. The man fell to his knees, but drew his pistol and fired with terrible aim two shots. One bullet struck Dick Taylor in the breast and killed him instantly. The second lodged in Bob Taylor's abdomen. Wren received three bullets, two in the chest and one in the thigh. Dick Taylor fired one and Bob two of them. Bob Taylor is still alive, but the chance of recovery is very slim, depending altogether upon the inflammation. Wren was taken home last night, and will probably die. He did not fall prostrate until both men were down. His nerve and vitality were beyond comprehension, and he insisted that he will get well.

Aggravated Attempt to Outrage.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 25.—Mrs. George Taylor, who claims to be a wealthy widow from Greenville, Miss., bereft of husband and children by the epidemic last fall, made her appearance at police headquarters in a pitiable plight to-day. Her rich clothing had a hundred rents in it, and she was bruised and scratched. She said that she was on her way to Cameron, Mo., and, being a stranger in the city, had inquired the way to the Union depot of a gentlemanly appearing man. He had taken her down town to buy a cheap ticket and had decoyed her into a room to show her maps of the routes to Cameron. The room proved to be an artist's studio. Mrs. Taylor says the man talked very pleasantly for some time, and then pulling off his clothes, made an assault upon her virtue. She says she fought him off and screamed for help. The struggle, she thinks, must have lasted an hour. Finally the would-be ravisher gave over, cursed her and shoved her out of the room. A detective, accompanied the woman to the place of the alleged assault and arrested Charles L. Horne, a well-known artist. Horne takes the matter very coolly, and says he will be abundantly able to vindicate himself.

"Pinafore" is being performed by church choirs all over New England, but the expression "Dammee," as uttered by Captain Corcoran, is changed to "Hang it," and in the last act, instead of vowing that he will hardly ever be "untrue" to Little Fattercup, he says "unkind." In this form the piece is considered safe.

SMOOTHING IT OVER.

Something About the Mysterious Convict who Was Alleged to be Willing to Swear Dr. Hull Into the Hands of the Hangman

TO OBLIGE THE POLICE.

The Sort of Taffy That is Handed Up to a Wofully Wronged Man to Compensate him for the Grievous Injury Done him

BY THE THEORIES OF THE DETECTIVES.

Superintendent Walling was visited in his office on the 27th ult., and was asked to reveal the name of the person who was said to have offered to testify that Dr. Hull talked to him about killing his wife. He declined to reveal the name at first, but he at length sent for Detective Lyon, who produced the following note:

"Detective Hill Lyon.

"DEAR SIR: I spent about three hours on the Bowery to-day, looking for you, but could not succeed in finding you. I have something of importance to communicate to you concerning the Hull murder. Will be at 4 Delancey street, Salem, at 9 P. M.

"Yours,

D. ALCOTT PURDY."

"That's the name," said the Superintendent, "D. Alcott Purdy." He was convicted of removing goods from a house near Harlem and selling them on the Bowery. He was sent to Sing Sing. If I hadn't given you this, the press would come out with the announcement that the police

CONSPIRED TO HANG DR. HULL.

Purdy was brought before the Coroner. I saw him, but did not talk with him. The story that he told was that he was recently out of Sing Sing. He had no work. Anxious to do something, he went up to the Grand Central Depot to see Mr. Tousey, who has something to do with the convicts after their release. After going to the Depot he went to Reservoir square and sat on a bench. He talked with a man and told him who and what he was. They had several conversations, and finally the man asked him if he would do a job, if he got well paid, and there would be no danger of detection. The ex-convict refused the job. The man that made the proposition to him said that his name was Hull. I was asked to talk with him, and I said took no stock him at all. I thought he was lying, I think so now.

From the Police Central Office, the reporter went to the Salem lodging house, 4 Delancey street, and inquired for

D. ALCOTT PURDY.

The man in charge walked to a table without a cloth, where four young men were eating a frugal supper. He spoke to one of them, who came forward. He was a medium-sized young man, neatly dressed. His face was that of a shrewd young man.

"Are you from Mr. Lyon?" was the first question. The visitor said that he had come from Mr. Lyon, and that he was a reporter. Purdy started.

"How did you find me?" he asked, and the reporter told him.

"Did Walling give me away?" he said. "Well, I didn't think they would do that. What did Walling tell you?" and on being told what the reporter had learned at the Police Central Office, he added: "He didn't give it to you straight."

The reporter asked for a straight story.

"No. I guess I won't talk. I don't want any more notoriety. I must get away from here to-morrow morning early. I didn't want the name to get out; that's the most I cared for. I told 'em that if I went on the stand I wanted to go under the old

NAME THAT I WAS SENT UP UNDER.

The only one that kicked against that was District Attorney Rollins. He said that if I went on the stand it must be—"The young man stopped abruptly. "I suppose you'll publish every word of this. I must be careful what I say. No. I won't say any more. You've got Walling's version of the thing. Use that. You see there's so many misstatements. Look at what Williams said. No, Williams never spoke to me. He came up when I was sitting behind the corner's chair, and looked me over. Then Lyon whispered to him and pointed to me, as if to say, 'That's the man.' Williams knew who I was fast enough. I tell you," he continued, "there was pretty strong circumstantial evidence against Dr. Hull. My evidence would have just completed the chain. You remember when Dr. Hull was on the stand, he was asked if he talked with any one on business in the Park, and he said he couldn't remember. He didn't deny it. That's when I was there to identify him."

Purdy refused to say anything more, except that the information obtained by the reporter was not correct. "I guess Walling gave you what he knew that Lyon wouldn't. For a fly copper, he's pretty square." And thereupon Mr. D. Alcott Purdy said good night.

A FEEBLE APOLOGY TO A MUCH-INJURED MAN.

Every effort was subsequently made to discover the whereabouts of the ex-convict, but it was learned that he had fled the city. Mr. John D. Townsend then applied to the various officials who in any way represented the prosecution, and obtained their signatures to the following letter releasing Dr. Hull from the suspicion cast upon him during the investigation before the coroner:

"NEW YORK, June 27.

"Dr. Alonzo G. Hull:

"DEAR SIR:—In consequence of the persistent efforts of a certain portion of the press to give importance to a statement made by one D. Alcott Purdy during the late investigation concerning the murder of Mrs. Hull, to the effect that he had an interview with you in Reservoir Park, preceding the death of your wife which tended to connect you with the cause of her death, we, who have had such investigation in charge, deem it but just to you to say that we placed no faith

in such statement and accepted it only as we did all other communications and suggestions made to us at that time. He was known to be an ex-convict, and his story was

NOT OF A CHARACTER THAT SUGGESTED PROBABILITY. There is nothing whatever in the history of this crime that suggests the slightest imputation against you, and we authorize you to make such use of this statement as you may desire.

"GEORGE W. WALLING, Superintendent of Police.

"HENRY WOLTMAN, Coroner.

"DANIEL G. ROLLINS, Assistant District Attorney.

"ALEXANDER S. WILLIAMS, Captain Twenty-ninth precinct police."

On Thursday, 26th ult., the grand jury brought an indictment against Chastine Cox, for murder in the first degree, and on Monday, 30th ult., he was taken from his cell in the Tombs to the court of general sessions, and at half past twelve was arraigned to stand before Judge Gildersleeve. When asked if he was guilty or not guilty, he appeared somewhat disconcerted, and mumbled his words so that they could not be heard. He then spoke to his counsel in a loud tone, and Mr. Howe, addressing the court, said:

"You Honor, he desires me to plead for him. We plead not guilty."

District Attorney Rollins suggested that Monday, two weeks from that date, be fixed for the trial. Mr. Howe expressed his willingness to go on with the trial on that day. Judge Gildersleeve thought, however, that counsel had better confer together about it and then consult Judge Cowing, who will sit during the July term of the court. Meanwhile, he set the case down for the date suggested, subject to the decision of Judge Cowing in the matter.

Cox was then taken back to the prisoners' box, and this time the precaution was taken of handcuffing him to two court officers. He was then hurried to the Tombs, surrounded by several officers, and was followed all the way by a large number of persons.

Hanging the Governor of Texas in Effigy.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]
[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

HOUSTON, Tex. June 21.—Great excitement and indignation has been caused throughout the state by the act of Governor Roberts on the 18th, in commuting the sentences of Richard M. Coward and John Fields, condemned to be hung on the 20th inst., to imprisonment for life. Coward's crime was the murder of Adolph Schachtrupp, an inoffensive old German mail carrier, at his residence in Harris County, a little after dark on the evening of October 31, 1878, for prosecuting for the theft of a mule which Coward had stolen from him. Fields' crime was of a still more damnable type, being a brutal rape committed upon Mrs. Catharine Keyser, a respectable white woman, near Houston. Fields was a type of the worst and beastliest element of his race, and the crime charged against him was but one of many similar atrocities, from the just consequences of which he had hitherto escaped with the effect of inciting him to bolder outrages. The crimes of both of the condemned men were of a specially aggravating character, even for Texas. Hence the universal indignation that the perpetrators should, of all others, in the face of the overwhelming evidence against them be singled out as objects of executive clemency. On the afternoon of yesterday, the day upon which the two wretches should, in justice, have been ushered out of the world in which they had shown themselves unfitted to live, a movement was made by several citizens of the place to take possession of the new gallows that had been constructed for this purpose, and upon it hang instead the effigy of the soft-hearted gubernatorial pardoner. The idea found general favor. The necessary funds to meet the expenses of the occasion were speedily subscribed, and at half past nine at night the programme was carried into effect. The gallows was erected on the market square, and was surrounded by a crowd of over one thousand persons two hours before the procession escorting the effigy arrived. The scene of the mock execution, which was carried out with a careful semblance to reality in all the details aroused the wildest excitement among the crowd, which hooted and yelled, derided and cursed the Executive of the State as an "addled-pated old fool" and many stronger epithets. The "rag-baby" effigy was born up the ladder leading to the scaffold with a tenderness and plunged through the fatal trap with a solemnity befitting a genuine occasion of the sort. After the fall of the drop, several gentlemen prominently concerned in the affair and well-known in business and social circles here, addressed the crowd from the platform denouncing Governor Roberts in unsparing terms, and declaring that justice was a thing unknown in Texas.

A Suspicious Husband's Revenge.

[Subject of Illustration.]

BURLINGTON, N. Y., June 26.—Jacob Hansell was shot last night by Martin Simmons, one of his employees. Simmons had suspected his wife and Hansell for some time. Yesterday he expressed his intention of going to New York on business, but in reality remained in the neighborhood of his home. About nine o'clock he went to his house, and, finding his wife and Hansell seated on a lounge together, drew his pistol and fired, the ball entering Hansell's left side a trifle above the waist. Hansell hurried from the house and fell by the roadside. It is thought he cannot recover. Simmons was arrested.

Robert Scott, a Fugitive Murderer.

[With Portrait.]

In Chattanooga, Tenn., in April last, Policeman Wiggins was murdered, as is charged, by one Robert Scott, who made his escape and has eluded pursuit up to this time. A reward of \$150 is offered for his body, "dead or alive," if produced in Chattanooga before the second Monday in July. Scott's portrait appears on another page and his description is given as follows: Height about five feet nine inches, weight about 100 pounds, of compact, wiry build, hair brown and inclined to curl, eyes have a whitish appearance.

OUR GALLANT GUARDIANS.

Their Heroic Determination to Preserve the Peace by Breaking the Heads of the Breakers of the Same, as Illustrated in the Case of John Fitzgerald, Who Was Chased Into his Own Room, and, as is Alleged, Murderously Clubbed for the Capital Crime of Engaging in a Street Row.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Michael Murphy and John Fitzgerald were led into the Jefferson Market Police Court, on the 25th ult. The first was the victim of an onslaught made in the heat of drink by two desperate men. The other was suffering from an application of the locust administered in the bosom of his family legalized guardian of the peace. Yet it was remarkable in view of the circumstances that the first, with the exception of a bloody bandage about the temples, looked sprightly enough, while the other's head, face and body presented a most sickening spectacle of bruised and plastered flesh, and his limbs refused to bear him up. Murphy, it was understood, had been injured by Fitzgerald, and the latter had received his marks in resisting arrest. His captor, Patrolman Moore, of the ninth precinct, was on hand, to outward appearances as sound as his fellow officers, and when he and an associate stooped down and helped to the stand the limp, blood-stained and sinking prisoner Justice Murray naturally exclaimed:—

"This is dreadful; how came this man to be mangled so."

"I did it," spoke up officer Moore. "I had to."

"Perhaps," said the justice, doubtfully; "but it is strange that after all this trouble

"THERE ARE NO MARKS ON YOU."

"There is plenty on my body and legs," said the officer, "and the clothes have been torn from my back. Here are my blouse and shirt—ripped into pieces."

He placed a bundle on the magistrate's desk, as he spoke, but the latter, after glancing at a fragmentary coat, pushed them aside, remarking:—"All this shall be inquired into, and we shall learn where and how these garments were torn."

On questioning the witnesses it appeared that Michael Murphy, who is a longshoreman and resides at 79 Carlton street, was standing, with several others, on the corner of Houston and Hudson streets, on Tuesday night, when John Fitzgerald and Lawrence Donovan came up and asked what Murphy and a couple of others were lounging there for. Murphy said,

"IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS."

"I'll show you if it is," Fitzgerald returned, and struck a blow at him, on which both closed. Donovan joined his companion in the assault and when they had felled Murphy to the wall they kicked him, one stroke laying open his left forehead almost to the bone. "A cry of police was raised here and the two assailants fled."

So far the testimony was consistent, but from that point the officer's statements differed from the others. Moore said he had been on post in Vandam street when some one ran up and said a fight was in progress in Houston street. He hurried to the spot and found Murphy lying on the ground senseless and covered with blood. There was an excited crowd around and some one pointed out Edward Hogan as the wounded man's assailant. Moore put the latter under arrest in spite of his remonstrance and turned him over to the next officer who came up. Then he was told that Fitzgerald and Donovan was concerned in the trouble and he went to the stoop where both were standing and said to them, "You are my prisoners." At this they turned and ran up stairs with him at their heels. He burst into Fitzgerald's room where they had taken refuge and was at once set upon and

KNOCKED UNDER THE TABLE.

He struggled up with it upon his back and drove it against them, forcing them backward and knocking them down. As he turned on them Fitzgerald rose to his feet and hurled him into the corner, following up his attack till officer Wayle, of the Eighth precinct, came into the room and dragged him off. At this Fitzgerald turned upon his new antagonist, while Moore closed with Donovan, and after a short struggle knocked the latter down and turned to assist Wayle, whom Fitzgerald was fast overcoming. He was using his club on the man who had torn his coat apart and snatched the shield from his breast, when Fitzgerald's wife rushed between them and tried to prevent him. With the other officer's help, though, they got the prisoner outside, when he fell down stairs with another policeman. Officer Wayle's testimony was of similar import.

At Justice Murray's solicitation Fitzgerald now spoke. He is a large, well-built man, but he had to be supported against the railing as he gave his account of the affair. His head was a mass of blood and bruises, his face being fearfully distorted. He had eight wounds upon his head, some of which required twenty-two stitches to draw them together. His body was bruised and his left knee-pan was out of joint. He said that after the fight with Murphy he got out of the crowd, and, fearful of arrest, had gone up to his room. He had sat down with his wife at the table, when the door was burst open and Officer Moore forced his way in. He had his club in his hand, and as witness rose struck him over the head with it. He tried to protect himself but was knocked down in a corner, when his wife rushed in, throwing herself on his body, tried to save him. Other officers came in and he was

CLUBBED TILL ALMOST INSENSIBLE.

His wife, Mrs. Fitzgerald, furnished a corroborative statement. Her clothing was completely drenched with blood when she appeared, and she was in a high state of excitement. She and her husband, she said, were the only people in the room when Officer Moore came in and at once fell to clubbing him. She called for help when another officer came in and joined the first. She had then rushed between them and begged for mercy, while the blood from her husband was streaming over her, and some of the strokes meant for him fell on her. She said that when they put Fitzgerald on the dray, an officer knelt on his breast and

said:—"If you are not dead now you will be before you reach the station." She had not heard this herself but had been told of it by a bystander. She graphically described her apartment at home, where every article of furniture had been broken and the walls were all bespattered with her husband's blood. Both Murphy and Fitzgerald were taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, where the latter was pronounced in a critical condition. After the hearing, Justice Murray declared his intention of thoroughly sifting the case. He ordered Fitzgerald to be produced as soon as his wounds permitted, and paroled the officers to appear for examination.

A SHARP SERVANT'S SCHEME.

The Clever Little Dodge of a Female Domestic to Blind her Employers to her Robbery of their House.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., June 24.—From the time the residence of Robert S. Williams was robbed the detectives suspected that Olivia Hanson, the servant girl found tied and gagged with towels, knew more than she cared to tell, and her movements were closely watched from day to day. Within the past few days the young woman and her sister had been preparing to leave the city. Olivia, though she had no money when she left the employment of Mrs. Williams, then had enough at command, and engaged in shopping on a scale above the means of an ordinary domestic. Yesterday she had her trunk moved to Scott street, where they were overhauled by Officer Tehan, who found among the goods a brooch, several ear-rings and a wide, flat, gold ring, but Mrs. Williams failed to identify any of these as worn by the girl

ON THE EVENING OF THE ROBBERY.

Olivia and her sister, in the afternoon, were taken to the police headquarters. Mr. and Mrs. Williams, who were at the station when they were brought in, confronted them, and on order of the chief, a search of their clothing was conducted by Mrs. Williams. Several rolls of bank-bills were found, and among them the paper strip about the roll that Mr. Williams had placed in his desk. Thus trapped, nothing remained for Olivia except to make a full confession, which she did without any further hesitation. She had planned the robbery some time before, and the evening of Thursday last presented the coveted opportunity. Mr. and Mrs. Williams had no sooner left the house than she set about her scheme. To break open the desk and secure the money and to hide the bracelets of Mrs. Williams required no particular skill. The silver water pitcher was carried out and partially hidden under a board, to foil the detectives and

RELIEVE HER OF SUSPICION.

The money and the jewelry being so placed as to be beyond immediate recovery, she gathered a number of towels to bind and gag herself, first slapping one side of her face and scratching it, disheveling her hair, tearing the sleeves of her dress by grasps and pulls, removing her ear-rings very forcibly, and also her finger-ring. The gag was readily placed, the feet securely tied, and the hands quite cleverly adjusted behind her back. She then prostrated herself in the bedroom and awaited the discovery of her "dreadful situation." The story of the peculiar discovery, the rescue of the unfortunate servant girl, the arrest of her lover, Charley Duebel, on suspicion that he was the thief because he had been hovering about the house for a time, the subsequent release of the young man because of the absence of anything to implicate him, has been told. The girl's ingenuity, while it was skillfully exercised in the execution of a robbery so as to give the case the appearance of a burglary, failed her in

THE HUSBANDING OF HER ILL-GOTTEN GAINS.

Laboring under the delusion that the affair was fast passing out of mind, and aching to array herself in the gay toggery the money would purchase, she surrendered her relation to the Williams family and persuaded her sister, Regina, who had until then served a family on Grand avenue, to quit her place and leave the city with her. But all the while Detectives Smith and O'Connor shadowed the suspected girl and her sister. While they were shopping in fancied security four eyes were upon them. On their arrest \$130 of the \$200 was recovered. Two new trunks, the girls had purchased were hauled to the police station and searched. In Regina's was found the pair of bracelets Olivia had stolen, with the money, and other articles of jewelry, among the latter the ear-rings and ring Olivia claimed were torn from her by the burly ruffian who had robbed the house.

Olivia is a tall, slender girl. Her sister is somewhat beneath her in stature, but stronger in frame. Olivia stated that she had been employed in various families here for two years. Her home is in Adams county, about six miles from Strong's Prairie, a cross-roads point, provided with a post-office for the convenience of the numerous settlers in that vicinity. Her father, a retired Scandinavian preacher, had been too strict with her, and she had gone out into the world to live without restraint. Her sister had followed her. Love of finery and a life of ease had proved her ruin.

Hyena-like Cats.

Greenville, N. J., cats are bad. Not only does it require the greatest care on the part of the owners of young chickens to protect their stock, but the cats do worse. For some time there have been a number of these animals which make their headquarters in the graveyard of the Linden Avenue M. E. Church, and are known as the graveyards cats. They are exceedingly fierce, and are so spry in their movement, and so watchful for the approach of danger, that all efforts to destroy them, even by the use of poison, have so far failed. These beasts have the characteristics of ghouls. One day last week the body of a young person was buried in the graveyard, and the mound was properly shaped and finished. Half an hour later the sexton had occasion to go into the yard, and saw to his astonishment and horror, the earth flying out of a hole on the top of the grave, and on his approach a large cat sprang out and ran away. The brute had dug into the new grave to the depth of about two feet.

A REMARKABLE CONFESSION.

The Story of a Startling Forgery of County Bonds Told by the Guilty Party on the Witness Stand.

CATSKILL, N. Y., June 27.—There is a remarkable spectacle in Judge Osborn's special term at this place daily in the trial of Edward Hall for uttering forged Greene county bonds. He was indicted jointly with an old man who gave his name as William George. It will be remembered that in August last George came here with twenty Greene county bonds of the denomination of \$500 each. He exhibited them to Mr. Hill, the county treasurer, and that gentleman pronounced them genuine. He asked Hill to give him a certificate to that effect, but Hill declined to do so. George then went to Poughkeepsie with them having previously negotiated with a broker in that city for their sale, and the broker was to take them if they were genuine. George told the broker what Mr. Hill said, but the broker resolved to see Mr. Hill in person, and came here the next day, and a close examination of the bonds showed that they were very dangerous counterfeits. George was at once arrested and his trunk searched and

MORE COUNTERFEIT BONDS WERE FOUND.

He was indicted and while lying in jail made an important statement to the district attorney, which resulted in the arrest of Edward Hall and his indictment as the forger of the bonds, and Hall is now on trial for the offence, the man George having turned state's evidence, and he has told his story under oath and is now being cross-examined.

He is seventy-five years of age, and by his own confession is one of the oldest shaver of counterfeit money and bonds in the country. He is paralyzed, half blind and emaciated, and as he tottered to the witness stand to give his evidence he was a pitiful sight. About him were District Attorney Raymond and Rufus H. King for the people and John A. Griswold, A. D. Griswold and ex-District Attorney Crowley for Hall, listening intently to what he had to say. On oath he stated that he met Edward Hall in Jersey City, N. J., about a year ago and he asked him if he didn't want to make some money and that he would give him a chance. They met again when Hall showed George a Greene county bond, not yet colored, nor were coupons attached to it, and told him he would soon have a lot ready. They met a third time, when Hall showed him twenty

FORGED BONDS ALL COMPLETED.

This was in George's house and the bonds were laid out upon the floor, when Hall remarked that the seals looked too heavy, and he took something from his pocket and rubbed them down. George took the bonds and \$30 and went to Albany, but didn't succeed in disposing of them. He returned to New York and Hall gave him \$30 more, and he visited Newburg, Rondout and Hudson again without success this time because he could not get the necessary identification. Once more he returned to New York, when Hall gave him \$700 to deposit in some bank so as to insure an identification. George then went to Great Barrington, Mass., and deposited the money in a bank there, and then went to Poughkeepsie and negotiated with a broker there named W. C. Hill, for the purchase of the bonds. It was understood between him and Hall that as soon as George sold the bonds he was to telegraph to Hall,

"THE HORSE IS SOLD."

In accordance with arrangement, as soon as the treasurer of Greene county told him the bonds were genuine (the broker having promised to take them if they were so pronounced), George telegraphed to Hall from Catskill, "The horse is sold, or the game all right." But he was a little too quick, as the next day the forgery was detected and George jailed.

The above is George's testimony in brief. And then came a three hours' cross-examination, which revealed an extraordinary life of crime. Counsel proved by George himself that he had been repeatedly



A BIT OF ROMANCE AND MYSTERY.—MISS EMMA DAVIS' SINGULAR ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE, IN THE RECEPTION ROOM OF THE ASTOR HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY.

arrested for passing counterfeit money, and that he has "done time" in state prison in Massachusetts, Connecticut and Pennsylvania; that he has led a roving life for over fifty years. One of his arrests was for attempting to pass a \$500 treasury note, but he said he was never put on trial for it, the chief of the secret service telling him it was "off," and he need not appear.

A Bit of Romance and Mystery.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A young and handsome woman, dressed in silks and wearing a profusion of jewelry, entered the Astor House on the evening of the 25th ult. and took a seat in the reception room, facing the window, which overlooks St. Paul's churchyard. She had not been alone ten minutes when a young gentleman was at her side. A few words from him acted like a shock on the young woman, who at once arose and went into the parlor. The young man followed. Then an elderly lady, the mother of the young woman, made her appearance, and ordered both into the reception

room. Suddenly the young woman took a small vial from her pocket and attempted to swallow its contents. The young man and her mother were too quick for the would-be suicide, and took the vial from her grasp. The three soon afterward left the hotel and passed up Broadway. Just as the corner of Barclay street was reached the young woman, suddenly fell in a faint. A coach was called and the three were driven to the Chambers Street Hospital. The would-be suicide was placed in a ward under the care of Dr. G. W. Davis. At ten o'clock a carriage was driven to the hospital door. The young woman, having arranged her toilet, passed out like a visitor, took a seat with her companions in the carriage, and the vehicle dashed off at a galloping rate. The name of the young woman, as entered upon the register at the hospital, was Emma Davis of Lexington avenue. The young man is said to be the son of a prominent merchant.

Attack of Citizens on Clubbing Police.

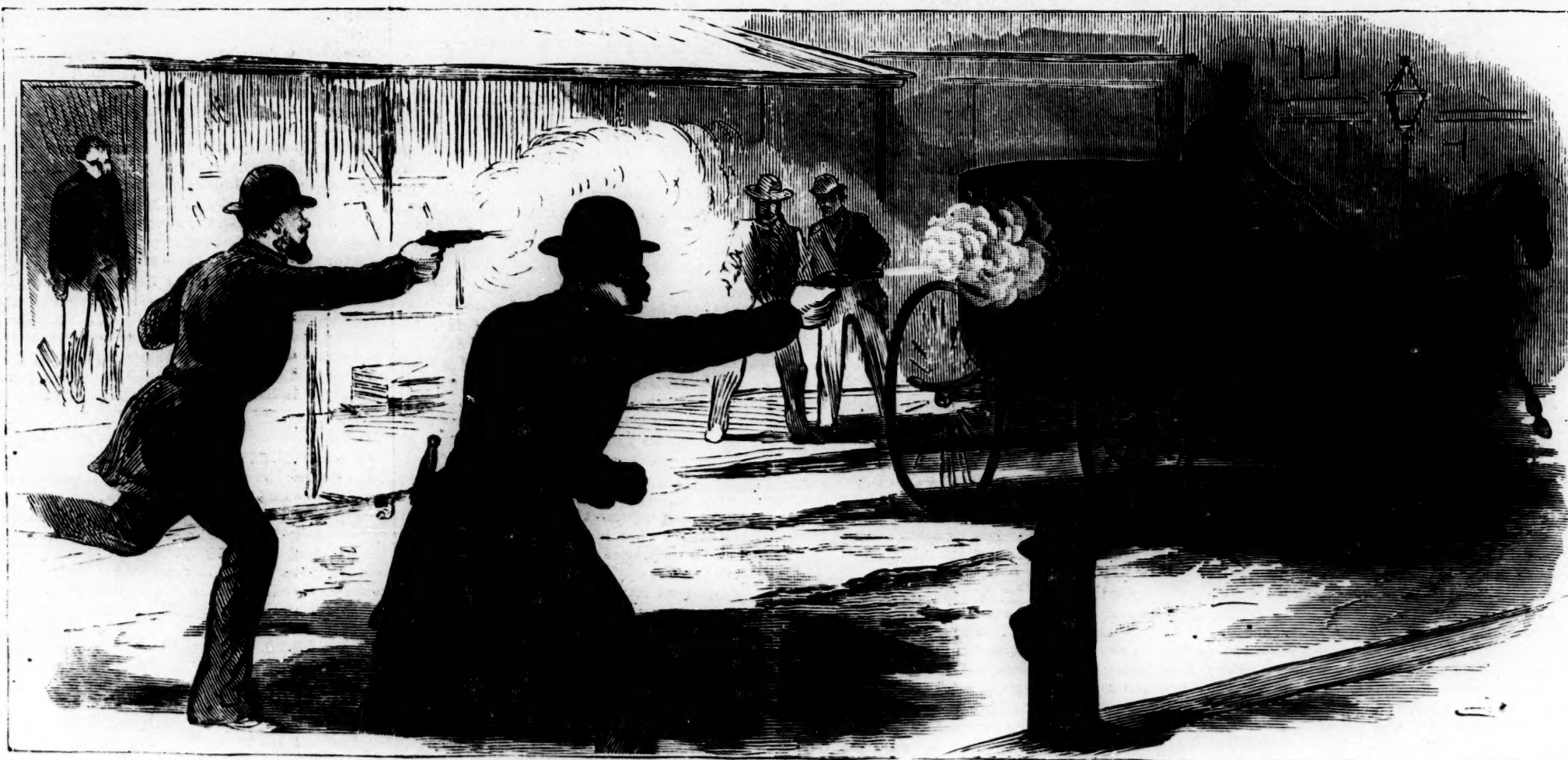
[Subject of Illustration.]

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 25.—The greatest excitement

prevailed here last night owing to a rumor that a mob would lynch Policeman Rose, who is now in jail for clubbing Mr. John English, a planter, so severely, on Sunday night that he died the following morning. Rose was then notified by Mr. Joe English, brother of the deceased, that he would shoot him on sight, upon which the latter prepared himself, and when he saw a carriage containing English, who had been arrested for the threat, approaching began firing. He was joined in the attack by another officer named Daniels, both of them sending several shots at the carriage a half a block off. It is said that English returned the fire, but none of the shots took effect. All the parties were arrested and committed to jail, but English succeeded in obtaining his release on bail. Since then the feeling against the two policemen, particularly Rose, has been growing more intense and bitter, until last night it culminated in threats of lynching Rose at least. The policemen, like the "finest" of New York, have only been in service since the city and state came under a democratic administration, and, of course, are members of that party. In consequence of the excited state of public feeling and the threats made, Governor Simpson ordered out two military companies, which were posted at the jail the entire night, and which probably resulted in deterring the mob from carrying their purposes into execution. It now remains to be seen whether the courts will punish the officers for this excessive use of the club and pistol.

Awful Suffering of a Young Surveyor.

Sixteen surveyors in the employ of the government left Trinidad, Colorado, a few weeks ago, for a tour eastward to the Indian Territory line. Major Medary commanded the party, which was composed of educated young men, among whom were S. M. Winchester and his chum, William Johnson, both Baltimoreans. Stretching south from the Santa Fe tract and east from the town of Trinidad are sterile plains. Water on these plains is very scarce, there being a few trickling streams that are far apart and made almost unfit for use by the strong impregnation of alkali. The corps worked eastward, locating townships on the way until the 5th ult. Then a squad of five men, commanded by Mr. Sheets, were sent from a point on Willow creek with orders to run a transit eighteen miles due north. The task having been performed the five set out at nightfall for camp. In a few hours they realized that they were lost, with nothing but thirst and boundless sterility before them. On the morning of the 6th a consultation showed that Winchester and Johnson wanted to go one way and the other three another. Sheets, with two companions, then left the Baltimore boys with the idea of striking Cariso Spring. After sixty hours of constant labor, during which they suffered the torments of the damned, no water passing their lips, the three arrived at the spring. As soon as they could communicate with the camp they did so, and men at once set out to find Winchester and Johnson. The search was conducted with an excitement bordering on frenzy. On Monday, 9th ult., about two o'clock in the afternoon, poor Winchester was found lying on the open plain. He was still alive. A few drops of water were given him. He took them, and said in a weak voice: "Bless you, bless you; tell mother—." He died within five minutes. Near by was a rock which towered strangely above the plain. In a crevice of the rock was found a note from Winchester, dated the 7th, and telling of their aimless wandering. Six miles from the rock was found Johnson's canteen. The prairies were scoured for three days, and on the 12th Johnson's body was found. All around the ground had been clawed and the brush torn in the delirium of his thirst. The Denver Republican says that the bodies were buried on a green hillside. The Trinidad News and the Denver Tribune state that within two months Winchester would have come into possession of \$30,000 left him in Baltimore.



POLICEMAN ROSE HAVING CLUBBED MR. JOHN ENGLISH TO DEATH AND BEING NOTIFIED BY HIS VICTIM'S BROTHER OF HIS INTENTION TO AVENGE THE MURDER, OPENS FIRE UPON THE LATTER, ON SIGHT, ASSISTED BY A BROTHER CLUBBER, IN THE STREETS OF COLUMBIA, S. C.



LODEWYK PINCOFFS, FORGER AND DEFAULTING BANKER, OF ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND; ESCAPED TO NEW YORK.

Melancholy Suicide of a Bride.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 21.—Miss Mary Holt was the daughter of Jacob Holt, a man of wealth and prominence and one of the most respected citizens of Perry township, Woodson county, Kana. She was in the prime of her young life, intelligent, cultured and refined, respected by all, admired by many and most fondly loved by James Ashburn, a worthy young man, living on a farm near by. Between him and Mary there had sprung up an attachment which, beginning in joy, has been the death of one, and will be a life-long blight on the other.

The family of the young lady were averse to her attachment to this young man and had provided what they deemed a more eligible suitor, who was expected to arrive in a short time to claim the hand of the young lady against her will, but at the bidding of her parents. To secure themselves against the rigor of parental demands, the young people resolved upon private marriage, which was solemnized by Esquire Waldrip about three weeks ago, only a few trusted friends being present. They went to their respective homes and only met occasionally in company with a sister of the young wife.

On last Saturday Mr. Ashburn communicated to his wife the fact that their secret had been divulged, and it would be impossible to keep it from her parents. She declared that she would die before she would face the storm of parental indignation such a communication would bring upon her, while he endeavored to dissuade and comfort her. Immediately on her return home, she went to her room and swallowed a dose of strychnine and in thirty minutes she was a

corpse. The young husband, in the agony of his grief, declared that they should not be long parted, but was closely watched by anxious friends.

On Sunday he was informed by his cousin, in whose care he had been left, that the funeral procession would pass the house soon, and was asked if he would go. He replied that he would and directed the young man to go and get the horses ready. Hardly had his companion left the room until the report of a pistol was heard and hurrying back he found young Ashburn on the floor weltering in his own blood. The muzzle of the pistol had been placed almost against his forehead, but in the excitement of his crazy grief the range had been too low, and the ball, ranging downward, had lodged in his face without inflicting a necessarily fatal wound. He is now under the care of physicians who entertain strong hopes of his recovery. Should he recover he will be removed as soon as possible from the sorrowful associations of his present home and taken to Indiana where he formerly lived.

Miraculous Escape of a Balloonist.

One of the most extraordinary escapes from death ever recorded occurred recently at Melbourne to L'Estrange, the aeronaut. In the presence of thousands of spectators he made an ascension from the Agricultural Grounds, on the St. Kilda road, in the balloon Aurora, the same, it is said, which was used to convey dispatches during the Franco-Prussian war.

stone it came down in a zig-zag course, and finally struck a tree in the government domain, thus breaking the fall, and L'Estrange reached the ground half stunned, but alive. The excitement when the balloon came down was intense. Women screamed and fainted, some fell on their knees with their hands clasped in prayer, while hundreds of men rushed into the government domain expecting to find a mangled body, but to their great astonishment they discovered L'Estrange alive and almost unhurt. The escape was certainly one of the most marvelous on record. The balloon used was an old one, and L'Estrange patched up some rents in the morning; but the direct cause of the catastrophe was the inexperience of the aeronaut, who did not allow for the great expansion of gas consequent upon his rapid ascent.

Shocking Charge Against a Married Woman.

Brownsville, Tenn., June 25.—Some four months ago the wife of Mr. Rush Newsom, a highly respected farmer, living about ten or twelve miles south of this city, gave birth to a child. Rumors became current that something was wrong with the parentage of the child, as it had a dark complexion, kinky hair, and in all features more resembled a negro than a white child. The father was loth to believe the reports circulated, and kept silent on the subject until last Sunday, when, to satisfy himself, he called in a couple of physicians to examine the child. After a careful



CHARLES MARCUS, FORGER AND POST OFFICE SUBULAR, ARRESTED AT MUSCATINE, IOWA, AND HELD IN DEFAULT OF BAIL IN CHICAGO.

and confessed to his captors that he had been guilty of criminal intercourse with Mrs. Newsom, but claimed that the fault was more hers than his, as she made the first advance. Mr. Newsom sent his wife to her father, and intends to apply for a divorce. She is a fine-looking, intelligent woman, about twenty-five years of age, and has borne an excellent reputation, being respected and liked by all the neighbors. She has been married about five years, and has one child four years old. The negro left the country Monday morning, buying a ticket at Stanton for some point in Arkansas. Mrs. Newsom protests her innocence, and bitterly denies the charge.

Gone Before a Higher Court.

St. Louis, Mo., June 23.—J. Fred Thornton, late Circuit Clerk of St. Louis county, and at one time the most popular politician in St. Louis, died here to-day of consumption. The deceased was only thirty years of age, and yet had led a very active life. About a year ago he left here, leaving his accounts short to the extent of \$30,000. The grand jury which examined into his books found an indictment against him upon a charge of embezzlement. About six months ago Thornton returned to St. Louis in broken health to die. He was immediately arrested, but his old friends gave bail for his appearance to answer to the charge, which, owing to his ill-health, he was never able to do.

Lillie Duer, who shot and killed Ella Hearn, at Snow Hill, Md., has written a love story for the Philadelphia Times, and contemplates a lecturing tour.



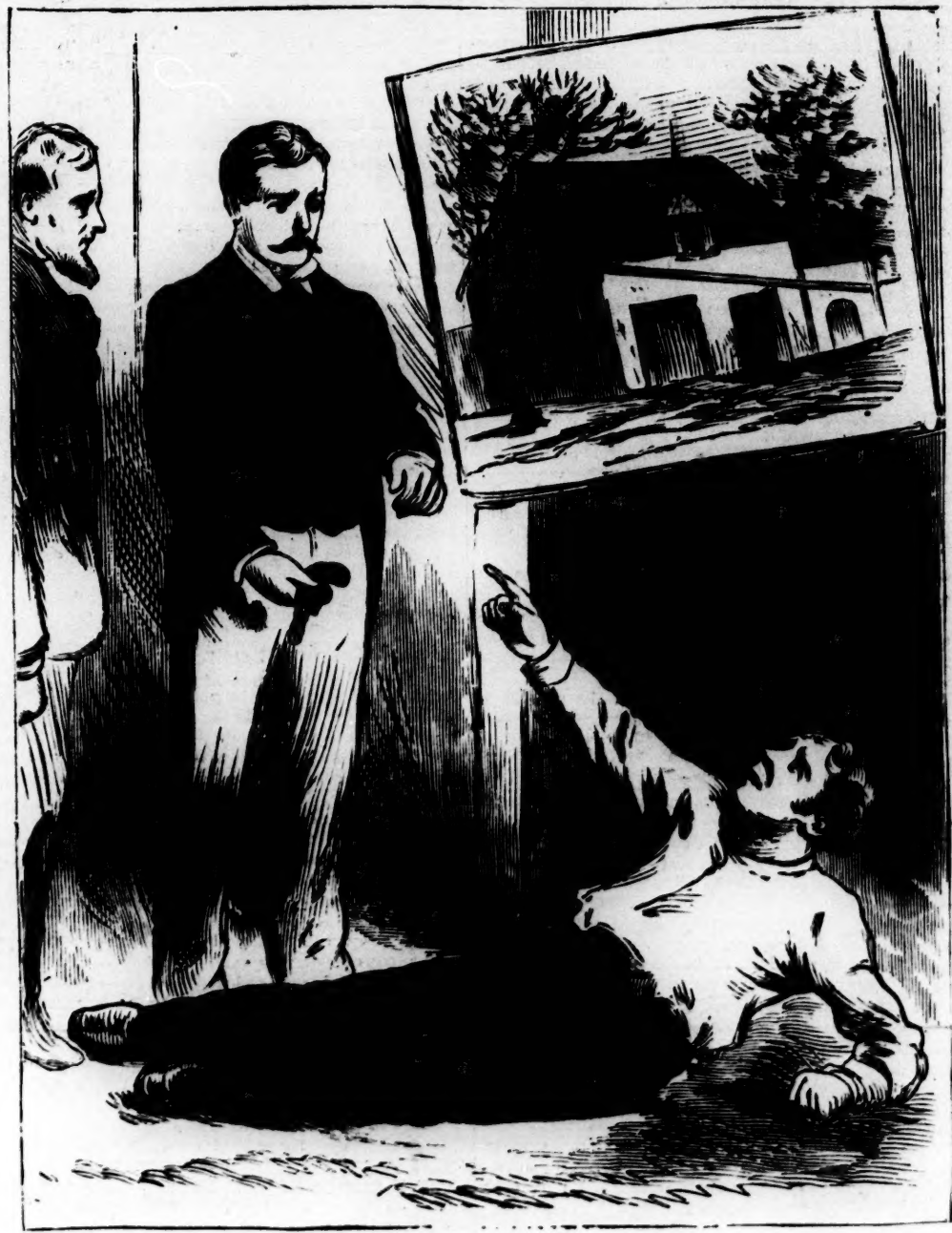
COBNER JAMES DEMPSEY, OF NEW BRIGHTON, STATEN ISLAND; SENTENCED TO STATE PRISON FOR PERJURY.



HILAIRE LATHIMOUILLE, SENTENCED TO BE HANGED AT ALBANY, N. Y., AUG. 30, 1879, FOR THE MURDER OF MISS DUNSBAUGH.

When the balloon had attained the great altitude of a mile and three-quarters it suddenly collapsed, the gas bursting through its side; but the parachute came into play, and, instead of the wreck falling like a

investigation they pronounced that the child was undoubtedly part negro. It fell like a terrible blow on the husband. An old negro, living near by was arrested on the charge of having committed the crime,



THE MONTCLAIR TRAGEDY—JOSEPH A. BLAIR SHOOTS AND MORTALLY WOUNDS HIS COACHMAN, JOHN ARMSTRONG, DURING A HEATED DISPUTE IN HIS STABLE, IN WHICH, HE CLAIMS, HIS LIFE WAS IN DANGER FROM THE LATTER; MONTCLAIR, N. J.—THE WOUNDED MAN'S DYING DENUNCIATION OF HIS SLAYER, IN FRONT OF THE STABLE WHERE HE HAD FALLEN—SEE PAGE 3.

LEFT HER HOME;

OR,

The Trials and Temptations of a Poor Girl.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG, ESQ.

("JACK HARKAWAY.")

[¹Left Her Home," was commenced in No. 86. Back numbers can be obtained at any News Agent, or direct from the Publisher.]

[Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]
CHAPTER VI.
(Continued.)

Star Varnum raised her in his arms and carried her into an adjoining room, where he placed her on the bed. Returning for a moment he handed Jackson a roll of bills, and the latter departed with his ministerial friend to a neighboring saloon where the nefarious bargain was consummated.

At last Star Varnum had won, and it was with a smile of devilish satisfaction that he gazed upon the pallid face of the poor girl who was now in his power.

When morning dawned, and Fanny awoke to the full consciousness of her position, and realized what she had done, her heart sank within her, and she felt that it would have been far better to have died than to be what she now was. But the die was cast, it was too late to retract, and she could only smother her sorrow and regret in her aching heart.

That same morning, in a dingy room a few blocks away, another of the participants in the events of the night before was cogitating upon the same subject.

It was that individual lately known as "Rev. Thomas Luyster," but now content to bear the less distinguished cognomen of Jack Waters.

"Very cunning," he muttered, as he pulled vigorously at his pipe, "very cunning, indeed, you are, Mr. Joe Jackson, and you, Mr. Star Varnum, but if you think a paltry hundred dollars is going to pay me for last night's work, why you're mistaken, by a large majority, and with all your smartness you've missed the trick this time. The Reverend Thomas Luyster disappears, very well satisfied with his fee, but Jack Waters comes to the front, and that respectable individual fancies he sees 'millions' in it, figuratively speaking, but a few months' time will show."

Had Star Varnum been aware of his late confederate's musings he would hardly have worn so complacent an appearance as he did when Jackson saw him the same morning, but neither of the two villains dreamed that their poor tool might yet become their master.

CHAPTER VII.
MISSING.

The alarm of Robert Carter and Mrs. Fleming, when hour after hour passed and Fanny failed to return from the rehearsal, was great.

"What can have happened, Mrs. Fleming?" he said to the kindly nurse, who fully shared his anxiety. "I so much fear she has met with some accident."

"Oh, I hope not; perhaps they have ordered an extra rehearsal, you know she spoke of a new ballet that was very difficult and required a great deal of practice."

"I remember, but you see it is six o'clock now, and she should certainly be home by this time."

"Perhaps, I had better go down to the theatre and inquire," said Mrs. Fleming.

"I wish you would," replied Robert, eagerly. "I am so anxious, that I will go out myself in search of her if she does not come soon."

"I will go at once," replied the nurse, and, hastily donning her hat and shawl, she left the house and hurried to the stage door of the theatre.

It took her but a moment to learn that Fanny had been discharged, and that she had left the theatre hours before.

Disregarding all the attempts of Marks to excuse himself for his share in Fanny's dismissal, Mrs. Fleming left the theatre and returned home, hoping to find Fanny there and learn that her fears were groundless.

She found Robert anxiously awaiting her, and his anguish was indeed poignant when he learned that Fanny had disappeared.

"This is some plot of that villain Star Varnum," he said at once, "and I will punish him for it, if it costs me my life. I must go at once to find and rescue my darling."

"Don't think of such a thing, Mr. Carter," said Mrs. Fleming, as the tears gathered in her eyes, "you are far too weak to attempt it. I will go to the police; I will see my brother-in-law at work; I will search for her myself."

"I thank you, my kind friend, but I must go myself. The thought of her will make me strong enough to endure anything, for I must and will find her."

"But you will let me help you?"

"Gladly, and now let us lose no time, we may find her to-night, if we hasten."

While speaking Robert had dressed himself, and although still weak and ill, the determination that flashed in his eyes showed that he would overcome physical weakness by sheer strength of will.

Five minutes later they left the house, she rushing to the theatre to enlist the services of her brother-in-law, while Robert made his way painfully towards police headquarters.

The trackers had begun their work. Robert proceeded directly to police headquarters, the well-known marble building in Mulberry street, from which the operations of the finest police in the world are directed.

He was about to enter the building when a young man ran hastily down the steps, almost knocking Carter off his pins as he came into collision with him.

"Beg pardon," he cried, sharply, and was about to turn away, when the light of the huge lamps at the entrance flashed upon Robert's face.

"Why, if it aint Bob Carter," he said, in surprise, "and what are you doing here, going to give yourself up, eh? Best thing you can do," he added, laughing, and then noticing Robert's countenance, he suddenly changed his tone, and went on.

"What's the matter, my dear fellow? You seem in trouble; can I do anything for you?"

"Perhaps you can," replied Robert, at any rate you can introduce me to a good detective."

"And what do you want of a detective, if I may ask? Is it anything about your shooting scrape?"

"Oh, you heard of that, did you?"

"I heard a sort of a confused story that you had shot somebody, and were in trouble, but I couldn't find out where you were; even the police didn't seem to know anything about the case; how was it?"

Robert hurriedly recounted the circumstances of the affray, and told his friend how it had been settled.

"Well," said Frank Steers, for that was the name of the young man, "so you got three thousand dollars to heal your wound. By Jove, I wouldn't mind being shot at a little myself at that price. That's why it's been kept so quiet then. But you haven't told me what it is you want of a detective."

In a few words as possible Robert told him of the mystery of Fanny's disappearance and of his suspicions of Star Varnum, and begged him to aid in the search.

"So you were going to put the detectives on it, eh? Don't you do anything of the kind. You've come to the right shop, young man, when you confided in yours truly. Come with me, and I'll show you a way worth two of any the police would think of."

Leading the way to a small beer saloon in Prince street, Frank selected a table in a remote corner and the friends seated themselves.

"Now, look here, Bob," he said, as soon as the bartender had supplied them with beer, "if you'll but yourself entirely in my hands we'll find the girl, if she's to be found, and without making any stir about it either. You don't want the thing to get into the papers, do you?"

"Heaven forbid, for Fanny's sake at least."

"Well, just let me tell you something; I'm a pretty good detective myself, if I am an amateur, as it were, and I'll bet I can track the lady as quick as any professional on the force or off it either for that matter. What do you say?"

"I am only too glad of your assistance, and willing to be entirely guided by you."

"That's right, now I'll tell you what to do, you just write a letter to the lady, what's her name? Oh, Fanny King, well, you write to her, telling her she can trust me; then give me the letter and you go home to bed; you're not fit to be out to-night, you're as pale as death, and look weaker than a back yard full of starving tom-cats. I'll report to you in the morning; all you've got to do is to keep your courage up and get well as soon as possible."

"I've no doubt you are right, Frank, for I do feel very weak and ill, but it is terrible to sit still doing nothing and think that she may be in some dreadful peril, her life perhaps endangered, or what is far more to her than life, her honor."

"It won't help her any, Bob, if you make yourself too sick to move, and that's what you certainly will do if you are not more careful."

"I suppose I must take your advice," said Robert, with a deep sigh; "you will be sure to see me early in the morning?"

"Without fail."

"Then I will depend on you until then to do all you can for Fanny and for me."

"You may depend on me, Bob. I'll do all that can be done, and somehow I feel confident of success. I've got a plan, you see. I won't tell you what it is until I see how it works, but I think it'll do. By the way, this Varnum you speak of—have you any idea where he is to be found?"

"I have no idea of his haunts, but I have often seen him lounging about Broadway and Sixth avenue, near Thirty-fourth street."

"Can you describe him?"

"Yes, I think so," and Robert gave as close a description of his enemy as he could.

"That'll do," said Steers. "I fancy I know the youth. I'll nail him to a certainty, and if he has anything to do with Fanny's disappearance it won't take long to spot him. Now I must be off, and you must go home and take some rest."

As they rose to go, Robert said: "Do you need any money?"

"Not at present, dear boy. You know this is pay day, and I am for the time being a bloated aristocrat. If I should want any I'll tell you know. Here's your car; good night," and he vanished in the darkness of Crosby street, while Robert, his mind in a conflict of hopes and fears, made the best of his way home and went to bed, but not to sleep, for the face and form of Fanny seemed constantly before him, and if he but sank into a doze he would wake with a start, fancying he was striving to rescue her from some fearful peril.

Although he was haunted by doubts of the wisdom of intrusting the matter solely to his friend Frank, he could not in reality have done a better thing.

Frank Steers was that peculiar product of modern civilization in a great city like New York—a literary Bohemian. Quick, shrewd, reckless, profuse in expenditure when fortune smiled, and bearing poverty with more than Spartan courage when the blind goddess passed him by, he was a perfect free lance of journalism, bound to no special newspaper, but working by turns for all.

The many-sided life of the great city was known to no one more thoroughly than to him; and, whether in a Murray Hill drawing-room or a Fourth ward bucket shop, he was the same alert, imperturbable, keen-eyed student of human nature in all its varied phases.

On leaving Robert he proceeded up Crosby street as far as the stage door of the theatre in which Fanny had so lately been employed, and entered by that cavernous aperture.

"Halloo, Cerberus!" he said to the grim looking guardian of that mystic portal, "you've got the grumps again, I see. Is Mr. Marks on the stage?"

"Yes, sir; but he'll be out in a minute. You can go in if you like."

"All right. I'll wait for him here. It's seldom, you know, that I get an opportunity to enjoy your charming society."

"You're always chaffing, Mr. Steers."

"Chaffing? Not at all. I really do enjoy it. You're so delightfully disagreeable in your manner to the young noodles who are mashed on the ballet that it does one's heart good to see you snub them. Ah, here's Marks! Having concluded his arduous labors for the elevation of the drama—the leg drama—to a higher sphere—the flies—he is now ready to quaff the harmless beer, and key-ind heving has sent me to be his good angel."

"Halloo, Steers; that you?" said Marks, as he emerged from the dark passage and stood under the single flickering gas-light. "Beer, did you say? Don't care if I do," and he linked his arm with that of Steers and prepared to move on.

"One moment, Marks," said Steers, his voice changing from a tone of levity to one of deep earnestness. "I'm on important business, and must have your help. You knew Miss King, who was employed here in the ballet?"

"Of course. I had to discharge her this very day because that devilish Cameca got jealous of her. It was hard on the poor girl, but I couldn't help it, for it would ruin us if Cameca were to withdraw, and she would have done it sure, if I had not complied with her demand."

"You know that Miss King is missing?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

C. E. ERSKINE died at Mount Joy, Pa., on the 28th ult., from the effects of injuries received in a fight with Louis Sowers. The latter refused to give bail and went to jail. He expresses his joy at the fatal result. The fight was the result of an old grudge over a matter of fifty cents. Both were old and well-to-do farmers, and were under the influence of liquor.

GLIMPSSES OF GOTHAM.

Some Treasonable Statements Fearlessly
Uttered by Mr. Prowler.

THE FIERY "FOURTH"

Various Ways in Which New York Celebrates American Independence.

PAUL AND EMELINE'S SENSIBLE PLAN.

BY PAUL PROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

I am free to confess, sir, that while I would shoot any man who would haul down the American flag, on as many spots as I could possibly manage, the leaven of patriotism in me weakens when it comes to enthusing about the Fourth of July.

Of course I do not object to the oratorical and dignified celebration of the most glorious day in the glittering history of the American Republic, (hear! hear!) and I would have you understand that my bosom swells with pride as much as is consistent with comfort, when the circling march of time brings back an occasion which should be remembered so long as Liberty's fire blazes upon the altar of our independence (cries of "good"), but, my fellow citizens there is a proper and sedate manner in which to memorialize an event that will always burn like a star in the gorgeous Empyrean (loud and continued applause).

Since I unconsciously dropped into the high and lofty, if it is possible to do such a thing, I put in these appropriate remarks which would have been indulged in by an excited populace had they listened to me in the open air.

What I particularly mean to maintain, and which I would were I bound now to a gigantic sixteen-foot skyrocket, with the sizzling of the match in my ears while they pointed me clear of a church steeple, is that a man can be a patriot and observe the Fourth of July without doing one or all of the following things:

1. Commencing to shoot guns off about midnight, and directly under my window. Last third of July eve I dreamed all night that I was a soldier in a Turkish redoubt.
2. Getting blind drunk.
3. Setting buildings on fire.
4. Making an infernal noise just for the fun of it.
5. Losing thumbs, eyebrows, and other physical paraphernalia that you may want sometimes.

And yet all these follies are faithfully perpetrated every recurring anniversary. In my street they began four days back, and a Dutch boy has already been somewhat injured by a chaser that went up his leg, while he was watching the effect of a giant torpedo which his corpulent father was about to sit upon.

Last year, you will remember, there was a pretty strict observance of the law, but disinterested people like those who have money invested in gun powder began early in this year to stir up the public enthusiasm for an old fashioned, out-and-out, red-hot, bang-up Fourth. They can have it, but none for me. Of course I am writing these lines just before the battle and cannot definitely say what will be the precise character of the day. I know that I tried in vain to get either a balloon or a diving bell in which to retire during the festivities, but you can wager that traditional bottom dollar that I will be as far away from turmoil as possible.

I tried to induce Emeline to visit with me a deaf and dumb asylum pleasantly situated outside of a puritanical New England town, where you get fined for whistling, but she wouldn't. We have compromised on a picnic lunch in the park, dinner at Mount St. Vincent, and then a darty to bring the wine-cooler to a charming little nook we dis covered the other day.

And how does Gotham, the great city, disport itself on the Fourth? I will tell you.

About 100,000 of our citizenry go to Coney Island and Rockaway Beach. What does that mean? Say you are a workman with a large family, and you are taking your annual patriotic outing. Let me see if it is square, solid comfort.

By boat or rail you reach the sea early in the morning. It becomes as hot as a bake-oven, or that place where sinners are served up in all styles of griddling. I speak carelessly of this torrid locality because I swear by Bob Ingersoll. If he recants, as I see mentioned in a newspaper paragraph as being highly possible, your distinguished subscriber will have that peculiar kind of goodness about him which the coon so frequently manifests.

All the shade is occupied at the beach, and there are not enough bathing suits to go around. But you manage to secure one at last, about eleven sizes too big for you, and thus accoutered in you plunge while your wife and children look on from their positions on the sand, where they are slowly cooking like ostrich eggs.

The bath finished dinner comes next. You can't get seats. This portico doesn't allow the unloading of lunch baskets, and a blistering tramp for one already monopolized is in order. The baby begins to cry, and the milk in the bottle with the gum tube is discovered to be sour. No fresh milk can be obtained. You try to get at the bar, but it takes you ten minutes to get there and once anchored you feel justified in forgetting all about the baby and drinking ten beers, one right after the other.

That's patriotic. You went off from your family? but you return loaded.

The return home. All the children are asleep. Some have sea-spiders in their hair. All have sand and shells in their shoes. The baby has a pain in its little stomach. Rushing for the boat is nice fun. Everybody crowds and a drunken man falls overboard. They catch him by the seat of his pantaloons with a boat-hook, and hold him that way as long as the stuff lasts. Then they throw him a rope and he is hauled in.

On the way back the boat is terribly crowded. Fights occur. Crowds of men rush from side to side and the rotten craft careens fearfully. Soda-water bottles fly about. Tumblers float through the air. Women scream and children cry. Or, perhaps, they get to racing, heating up the furnaces, throwing in hams and everything combustible. If this thing continues long enough the boiler bursts, and it will be like that event out on the Mississippi, when a New York drummer gently falling from an elevation of 12,000 feet, met the captain coming up, and told him to turn back as all the boys were coming down.

But say you get home all right, and don't get shot going through the streets, or arrested by a policeman who has more schooners in him than ever foundered in the Bay of Biscay. What kind of a day have you had? Did it pay? All the children are sick, your wife is as cross as a dyspeptic mule, and the skin begins to peel off your neck, while clams you ate play at leap frog. In the morning you have a head on you that needs hooping. Of course you don't go to work for two or three days, and your hand

trembles so clear to the end of a week that shaking dice seems all that you are fit for.

That is the way 100,000 people will celebrate, and I don't think it a good way.

The nobbiest style, and one that I have indulged in myself when I was more ardent and took a great interest in the American eagle, is to be hired as the orator of the occasion in a New Jersey or Long Island village. In that case you get your railroad fares, a good dinner, plenty of champagne and whatever price you may have determined upon. I will not weary you with the comments of the rural press upon my sustained and fervid style, but they are all there in back volumes of those influential journals, and any time that you feel as if you didn't appreciate the great and glorious at its proper worth, just drop down to Bunkerville, Firewater or Gin's Corners and enthuse on remarks which induced a somewhat inebriated veteran of 1812 to remark once that they reminded him of Henry Clay. Whether this was genuine praise or was only said for the purpose of having the applejack bottle set up again has always been an undecided question in my mind.

For the rough, the "slogger," the close-cropped hoodlum, whose favorite weapon is a sand-bag, and whose especial time and place for a personal altercation are midnight and a dark alley, the Fourth of July is a day of unalloyed pleasure. I can understand his going on an excursion; he has nothing to lose. Rises he with the lark, and on board every outgoing boat and train will you detect his trail. Excursions up the Hudson are his favorite lay—to Iona Island notably, and if he can catch a Sunday school or a private picnic he is particularly well pleased. This fiendish, miserable, wretched abortion of humanity is never so happy as when he can drop in on a little coterie of ladies and gentlemen, and provoke the ire of the latter by insulting the former. This he never does, of course, unless he is drunk, for this spawn has no bravery. It was his kind that attacked the Bohemian picnic in Chicago, and got shot. I am not a socialist, and do not like foreign associations making excursions with loaded muskets, but I wouldn't have drowned myself in my own tears had I heard that the Bohemians had blown the Chicago blackguards to Cincinnati. There would have been less then of the ilk to add the usual sensationalism to the Fourth of July's history. This will be found in the next day's papers in the reports of a long series of cowardly attacks, fights on excursion boats and disorderly behavior at picnic groves and pavilions. During the various melees a great deal of thieving is done, it being very easy to relieve a drunken man of his watch during a panic, and as for the bar-tender on a dancing barge, he sometimes has as much chance of being paid for drinks as he has of saving his bar from being wrecked, and that is the chance which the camel has for going through the eye of a needle. The camel can thread the desert, but he stops there.

I will only heave a passing brick at the small boy who celebrates the day in the good old fashion, if he gets half a chance. You can't expect anything from boys, except noise, which rhymes with the word, and I have no quarrel with them. I wish the young gentlemen on our block to distinctly understand this, and I may thereby escape the embarrassing experience of suddenly discovering, while going on with some abstruse calculation, that a pack of firecrackers is going off at my coat-tail. I think Napoleon would look ridiculous under such circumstances. On July 5th there is never so many small boys as on July 3rd. Brass cannons explode, old horse-pistols behave singularly and gunpowder generally conspires to send many a promising lad to where his grandpa has long resided, while a great many who are not actually killed have fingers and toes shot off, and are compelled to go through life as an incomplete edition. Well, the boys seem to like it, and the parents certainly do, or the money wouldn't be forthcoming to purchase pin-wheels, Roman candles (the kind Julius Caesar used to go to bed with), and all the rest of the fizzing, banging, explosive gimcracks whose death-dealing and property-destroying destruction men of alleged common sense consider necessary to a proper annual acknowledgment of our nation's glory.

Have you noticed how all the coroners have been smiling lately? They don't object to Fourth of July. If one of the old cannon they generally use does its duty in the good old-fashioned way, one man is liable to furnish material for about a dozen inquests.

Now the Tammany Society spend the "Fourth" appropriately. They have the Declaration of Independence read by a store elocutionist, music by a Hessian band and any quantity of short talks by the sachems and braves. Then they pass around the pipe of peace and the fire-water.

The veterans of 1812 are also sensible, the principal idea of these ancient warriors being to capture a big dinner and get moderately tight afterward while telling over again how General Jackson fought at New Orleans. But they don't go about blazing away with pistols and yelling like Comanches. Neither do the bold militia who parade, or the men who let the sun know what time to rise on the Fourth by firing off cannon at the Battery.

Perhaps the men who enjoy themselves the least are the officers and stockholders in fire insurance companies. They do not see the beauty of the trailing rocket, or the sky-piercing balls of fire that break into coruscations of glory against the dusky cheek of the night. It is certain that an old-fashioned "Fourth" is always a very expensive one, and although we should not look too closely at figures on such an occasion, it is just as well to ponder over what they teach. If the thoughtful citizen would take the statistics for ten years back, not excluding the doctors' fees and burial expenses of those too energetic ones, he would see that patriotism is a luxury as well as a necessity.

There is one class of people who observe the Fourth of July in New York whom I must not overlook—the country people. They rush into the city from the truck farms and meadows just as others rush out, and seem to take a serene pleasure in drinking Bowery lemonade and patronizing the museums of that classic street. They travel in pairs, Darby and Joan, and if it is their first visit manage to pile in tremendous amounts of sight-seeing and peanuts, of which all agriculturalists seem to be abnormally fond. I do not object to these rural folk. They are quiet and unobtrusive. I direct them the way to Central Park with pleasure, and I look upon their honest countenances, browned by the sun, with respect. I would like to be a farmer myself, and but one thing deters me—the absence of a farm. Still, while there is life and the lamp holds out to burn, there is a chance to accomplish our ambition.

Mine is a quiet place where I can raise turnips, and Southdown mutton, and egg plants, and water melons and the golden corn.

When I succeed, when I become a yeoman, there shall be at least one place in this vast world where it will be difficult to tell a Fourth of July from a rainy Sunday in Philadelphia.

At Elkton, Md., on the 28th ult., Medford Waters was sentenced by Judge Stump, for the murder of Jenkins Whaley, to be hanged. Judge Stump spoke slowly and deliberately, and was greatly affected by the solemnity of the decision and the trying duty which he had imposed upon him. Waters remarked at the conclusion of the sentence, "That's business."

CITY CHARACTERS.

THE FLASH MINISTER.

One of the Fastest "Rackets" in all Christendom.

BY COLONEL LYNX.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

Before touching the somewhat repulsive subject of this week's sketch I wish the careless and thoughtless reader to make no mistake by imagining that I intend assailing the church or religion itself. Among several bumps raised on my head by nature and policemen conjointly, there is the hillock of reverence, prominently displayed and beautifully situated. In my case it is so luxuriantly developed that it frequently forces me to have especial hats made, since the ordinary style will not fit.

Therefore all genuine religious subjects are sacred to me, and although I don't go to church as often as I should, and have not yet imitated Mr. Bonner by giving \$100,000 to any particular one, still I admire square, solid goodness, and I will be the last to attack it or its exponents by voice or pen.

But I do hate, in some instances, and envy in others, what I have been pleased to call the flash minister.

Undoubtedly our distinguished friend Talmage is the best living example of the class. Mr. Talmage is coarse, low and vulgar in his ideas; there is a broad streak of the buffoon running down his back, and all his clerical education does not hide the antics of a clown; and yet this theological mountebank has 80,000 people crush to see him in London, while ministers whose shoes he is not worthy to shine are struggling along in this country, starving on country circuits with a wife and five or six children to help them do it.

And why? because one is the unobtrusive, silent worker in the vineyard, and the other is the sensational jack-in-the-box, pounding the velvet plush of the pulpit with the Bible, and yelling "Here we are again."

Any one who takes the beautiful stories and parables of the scriptures, and attempts to improve upon them by turning them into familiar language that would disgrace a police report, and who speaks of the Almighty and the angels as if they and the minister had all lived on the same block—any one who does this is bound to attract attention, and that is all the flash minister wants.

Talmage started off well in Philadelphia by going over a dam in a row boat.

"He went over that dam so recklessly that now he's boss howler in the ministree."

Eight or nine months in the year the flash minister wrestles with his lambs and then he is voted a vacation and sent to Europe. When I think about this delightful yearly trip, I sometimes regret that I did not yield to the importunities of an ancient aunt of mine and embrace the church while a young man.

I am sure I could do the vacation part admirably, and could even superintend the auction-sale of pews with dignity, which is another portion of the flash minister's duties.

Sometimes he is young, handsome, poetic and dreamy. In such instances his pathway in life is pleasant or otherwise just as you choose to look at the subject. I knew one of the sentimental kind in Philadelphia. He always smelt of new mown hay extract, and his white cravats were dazzling. I remember now that his sermons were all about harps, and humming birds, honeysuckles, and golden gates swinging open upon musical hinges to let us all in. No scaring the life out of you in that church. Well, this young man, who is the lemonade type of the flash minister, confided in me once that he was truly wretched, that life was a burden, that he thought sometimes of suicide.

I recall that I looked him sternly in the eye and said—

"Which one of the lambs is it? Her name."

But I was wrong. He didn't understand me. In a plain voice he told of how the adoration of the young women was overpowering him. It was within two days of Christmas then and he had already received 200 pairs of worked slippers, 37 pen-wipers and 146 flowered silk dressing-gowns. What could he do? The landlady looked upon the whole affair with suspicion and the stuff was piling up so about the room that he didn't have space to turn about.

I reasoned with him, but to no purpose. Nothing could shake his melancholy. I distinctly remember that I suggested getting up a raffle in a neighboring saloon, but he did not look upon the idea with favor. Finally he gave the articles away to the poor of his parish, and for a year after, it was possible to see some rheumatic truckman leaning back at his door with his short, black pipe in his mouth, and wearing a dressing-gown that looked as if it had been made for the Shah of Persia.

This young man had no Beecher in him and couldn't stand the pressure. The admiration of the ladies was his ruin. He left the ministry, took to drink, and when last I heard of him he was billiard marker in a Pottsville saloon.

Now Beecher is another type of the flash minister, despite his great intellectuality. He is far in advance of his day, and dares not avow from his pulpit what he really believes to be so. The worked slippers and dressing-gowns never worried him when a young man and don't now. He has probably embraced all the opportunities that have presented themselves. Mr. Beecher has done a great deal of Europe in his summers, but he prefers the White Mountains now, where the air ameliorates his hay fever.

I have mentioned illustrious types, but the woods are full of flash ministers, who have no more business in the pulpit than I have in a French convent. You will not find them in the country. The city's the place to air brand new theological ideas, to get in trouble with the deacons, to stand trial and have it reported in the newspapers, to indulge in flirtatious dalliance with plump, married sisters, to gradually build up a notoriety, and so by insensible degrees arrive at that stage of popularity when it is possible to make the church as much like a theatre as possible and put a brass-horn blower in the gallery to lead the choir.

During the week this choir sings in "Pinafore" at wicked play-houses.

I expect to see still further advances made by the subject of our sketch. Sermons will become as spicy as a bottle of chow-chow, and a full brass band will supply the music, all hymns being set to operatic melodies.

Then, as he prances about with waving arms and legs, flying hair and strident voice, the flash minister will be happy.

At Evansville, Ind., on the 28th ult., Felix Venable, alias Slat Williams, a colored man, was arrested, charged with the murder of William Chambers, at Lexington, Ky., on February 7th. The murder was brutal. Venable splitting his victim's head open with an ax. It grew out of jealousy about a white woman, known as Maggie Venable, whose letters to her man from Cincinnati caused his arrest. Venable confesses his crime, but says it was provoked. Deputy Sheriff Rogers, of Lexington, left with his prisoner the same night for home.

VICE'S VARIETIES.

On the plantation of B. F. Ackerman, near Cameron, Texas, on the 28th ult., a difficulty arose between two Mexicans, McGill Gonzales and Narcissus Abollas. Gonzales shot at Abollas, wounding him in the left cheek, when Abollas shot and instantly killed Gonzales. The murderer was arrested, but was released.

In the oyer and terminer court at Albany, N. Y., on the 1st inst., the trial of John C. Hughes, indicted for the murder of William J. Hadley, was put over to the October term, on the affidavit of counsel for the prisoner that they were unable at present to secure the attendance of an important and material witness named Braman, now residing in Connecticut.

On the 27th ult., at California City, Cal., just across the bay from San Francisco, R. H. Moore, keeper of the Dupont Powder Company's magazine, shot and instantly killed A. Fulton, manager of the works, and then blew his own brains out. The tragedy was enacted in the presence of Fulton's wife and children. Fulton had recently given Moore notice that he would dispense with his further services.

JAMES F. EDMUNDS, aged sixty, a well-known citizen and ex-alderman of Newton, Mass., and a flour commission merchant of Boston, was arrested on the 28th ult. for forging paper in the possession of the Naverick Bank. The forgeries aggregate \$80,000. Since Tuesday, 24th, when the forgeries were discovered, Edmunds has suffered severe mental prostration. He is now under charge of three police officers.

SARAH W. UNDERWOOD, arrested some weeks ago charged with having uttered forged notes to the value of \$14,000, purporting to be drawn by S. W. Underwood, of Milford, Mass., was arraigned in the municipal court at Milwaukee, Wis., on the 24th ult. After hearing the testimony of the complaining witness, W. S. Hayden, of Chicago, Judge Mallory dismissed the case on the ground that there was in his opinion no good reason for the prosecution.

On the 28th ult., Deputy-Sheriff J. W. Ridgway and posse arrived in Newcastle, Ky., with Dave Hoover, John Dunlap, Alec Dunlap and Jack Estes, the alleged perpetrators of the triple murder and burning, near Harper's Ferry, in Henry county, on the night of the 22d ult. Ben Ford, Bill Webb and Billy Gordon were also arrested and tried, but the evidence against them being insufficient, they were discharged. Hoover and the Dunlaps were committed to jail without bail, and Estes had his examining trial postponed till the 1st inst.

THERE was a buzz of excitement in the Court of General Sessions on the first, when the name of Police Officer Nugent, of the Twenty-first precinct, was called. The accused stepped up to the bar, and when the clerk read the charge against him (accessory to burglary in the second degree in connection with the Manhattan Bank robbery) his counsel interposed a plea of not guilty. William Kelly, also indicted for complicity in the same offense, was summoned to plead. "Not guilty" was the same answer, and the prisoners were remanded for trial.

HENRY DONE, a colored barber of Marshall, Texas, became enraged at his wife on Saturday, 21st ult., and struck her on the head with a heavy glass tumbler, fracturing the skull, from the effects of which she died at eight o'clock on the morning of the 28th. Strange to say the murderer remained in town, going about his business as usual, unmolested until ten o'clock the night previous, when, on the pretext of going into the country a short distance after his mother, he disappeared. Officers went in pursuit and captured him at Texarkana, Ark., a few hours after his flight.

A PAPER has been seen in Platt City, Mo., in the form of an agreement signed by two hundred and seven of the very best citizens living in the vicinity of Second Creek, in Platt county. The paper referred to was a solemn obligation that every man who signed it would assist in castrating Dr. B. L. Spencer, who was shot on Monday, the 23rd ult., by Wiley Stallard, for attempt at rape upon the latter's wife, and then burn his body in front of the court house, as elsewhere noted in this issue. It is believed to be beyond doubt that the shooting of Spencer prevented the enactment of the most terrible punishment which an indignant community was capable of performing.

FRANCES E. BARNES, of Shushan, was arraigned in the court of oyer and terminer, at Salem, N. Y., on the 28th ult., on an indictment charging her with murder in the first degree for the poisoning of her husband, Benjamin Barnes, a farmer at Shushan, in March last. She pleaded not guilty. The deceased farmer was his wife's senior by many years. Dying under mysterious circumstances, an investigation was had, and a post-mortem revealed the fact that death was caused by arsenic. Mrs. Barnes was proved to have purchased poison a few days before her husband's death, and admitted that she did so. She claimed, however, that she lost the drug on her way home.

A HORRIBLE outrage occurred on the 28th ult., in the upper part of Liberty county, Texas, near the Trinity River. Mrs. Davis, the buxom wife of a respectable farmer, in the afternoon had occasion to go to a spring after water. She carried a bucket and stooped down to clear some trash out of the spring. Hearing a noise in a corn-field close by, she saw a big, burly, ruffianly negro coming toward her, entirely nude. He seized Mrs. Davis and ravished her. He then left her half dead, and fled. She crawled to the house and informed her husband, who, with neighbors, started in pursuit. The negro was caught on the railroad track, making for Houston, having walked over forty miles. He was carried back by two men to the scene of his crime, where it is thought he has been hanged.

WILLIAM H. BARTLETT and George W. Martin, who were convicted over a year ago of highway robbery, in knocking down Warren H. Lane, cashier of the Planet Mills, in front of the school house at Hoyt and President streets, Brooklyn, and robbing him of \$3,500, were discharged on the 28th ult. by Justice Moore, of the Kings county court of sessions, on their own recognizance. The prisoners stoutly maintained their innocence in spite of the positive identifications of a number of witnesses, and appealed from the verdict convicting them, and the general term, in reversing the judgment and ordering a new trial, expressed an opinion that the testimony in the case was not sufficient for a conviction. As no new evidence could be produced against the prisoners, it was thought useless to have a new trial.

A MAN about forty years of age was discovered wandering in a field near Alliance, O., on the morning of the 27th ult., with nothing on but his shirt, and badly beaten about his head and back. He could give no intelligent account of himself and was apparently blind from his injuries. He was taken charge of by the authorities, and died at three P. M. It is thought he came from Wheeling. Evidence of foul play becoming so clear, the police began a search, and arrested two men on suspicion, who gave their names as George Parkies and Augustus Orr. They were lodged in jail, and that evening the younger confessed that they killed the man for his money, but obtained only \$5. The elder of the prisoners struck the man with a railroad pin, inflicting the injuries which caused his death. Threats of lynching were made.

WASTINGS FROM THE WINGS.

Bernhardt—People at Long Branch—Mapleson Secures Cary—Dull in the City—Personal Gossip.

Poor Bernhardt! they do make a dreadful lot of fun about her being thin. She evidently thinks the witticisms are as spare as she, for she retaliates sharply when she gets a chance. I clip the following paragraph from the *Parisian* of a recent date: "A distinguished young French painter is now suffering from a temporary derangement of the vision. At times he sees double. One of Sarah Bernhardt's friends suggested that she should take advantage of one of those happy moments in order to have her portrait painted. We hear from London that the gentle Sarah, weary of the ceaseless floods of jests relating to her extreme spiral tendency and the meager habit of her body, is about to get married. So that in a few months all Paris may say: 'Elle est grosse.'"

Speaking of weddings, Mrs. Oates is at Long Branch. Some one has said: "This last must be a genuine love-match; haven't heard of her being married in two weeks."

Mary Anderson and Oliver Doud Byron are both at Long Branch. Mr. Byron summers there, so that he can have a fair send-off when he starts "Across the Continent."

Here's a pen-picture of the great Bernhardt, who may come this way yet: "Her sensations are rapid but not profound. She is quick to shed tears, but they have vanished before you have had time to sympathize. Sarah, as her features show, is a Jewess. She is the daughter of a lawyer of Havre, and a short, fat Dutch girl with a pretty face. Her excellent mother ran away from her home in Amsterdam one morning and came to Paris on foot. Sarah's daily life is one of constant activity. Her hotel in the Avenue de Villiers is a perfect *salon d'artiste*."

Morris Simmonds lives at Long Branch in a sensible way, like Theodore Moss, and comes up to the city almost daily on business.

Kate Field doesn't like the thin Bernhardt, and in a recent letter scolds the fragile sculptor.

Happy Mapleson! He now has Cary, the great contralto. Gerster! Nilsson! Marie Rozé! Cary! There's a team to drive with silken ribbons along the perilous road of management.

Boucicault admits that Ada Gilman is a good actress. Even Ada can't deny it now, since his Royal Highness has spoken.

Remenyi doesn't like "Pinafore." He told a San Francisco correspondent so. But since he also said the city was a Paradise of a place we must find out how many bottles of wine the party had when they drove out to see the seals, before we pass any opinion. Now the weather in the city is not delightful. I have it on the word of Josh Hart and since he was seriously sick there he ought to know.

The bon-bon thing at the Branch is to call on Mary Anderson. She is eagerly sought after.

This week has been very stupid in the city. Only the Lyceum, Union Square, Bowery and Tony Pastor's are open. And even "Horrors" dies with the week. It will "go no further."

Bartley Campbell has written a burlesque called "West Point." He is going to have some point to it even if it is limited to the title.

If I choose to wear \$20 gold pieces in my cravat what right has Hermann, the magician, to take them out. I always carry them there! It's a weakness of mine.

Operi is trying his hand at an opera like "Pinafore." He thinks this the golden Operi-tunity. "Keep it dark."

Maggie Mitchell is at the Branch.

Max Maretzek has settled upon Zeld Seguin as the Carmen of his English Opera Troupe.

Alice Harrison has a new play by B. E. Wolfe. She deserves to make many a "Mighty Dollar."

Nellie McHenry was born in London.

George Rignold raffed his horse in Australia. It would have been his usual advertising dodge to have had him stolen.

"Snowflake" and the "Seven Pygmies" is the Grand Opera House bill in San Francisco on the Fourth.

Neilson's route, beginning October 20th, will be after this fashion—Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, and New York.

The "Lum Tum Capah" has been made a song.

Managers will not take much "stock" in theatricals next season. Stars will be the rage; and some of them are so young that they suggest still being in the milky way.

Matters are so dull in the profession that actors are getting married to save expenses.

Bijou Heron will wing her way back in the fall.

A Dutch comedian has died of softening of the brain. It doesn't seem like a truthful statement.

Edwin Forrest told Mme. Poniat she was the best Lady Macbeth on the stage. There is no question about her being the biggest. It's a wonder she's not more frequently the subject of paragraphs. On her name you can Poniat.

Philadelphia has Sunday afternoon concerts at the permanent exhibition building. De Murska sings.

Harrigan & Hart have kept the "Mulligan Guard Ball" rolling this week in Philadelphia.

It is stated by the Boston *Courier*, that when Mrs. Agnes Booth was in St. Louis, and rather doubtful about "Engaged," she went to a clairvoyant in company with Mrs. James Lewis and Miss Cowell, and saying she was hesitating about doing something, the spirit of an Indian was brought up who told her to undertake what she was thinking of, and it would be the success of her life. That's too Bernhardt.

Last Sunday Miss Ellen A. Conklin died in this city. For twenty-one years she was attached as a costumer to the various Italian opera companies that have visited this

city. Since Piccolomini New York has not had an opera season that has not been assisted in the necessary department of costumes by Miss Conklin, who was invaluable for her fertility in making suggestions and her faithfulness in carrying them out. In crossing over to Europe in June of last year she slipped on the brass-bound stairway of a White Star steamer and was thrown with violence to the floor below. The injuries sustained by this fall resulted in a terrible illness and finally in death.

Johnny Thompson didn't gain his suit against the backer of the Stadt theatre, Mr. David. Neither did Mr. Fleming.

It costs about a dollar to see the circus the world round.

Mr. Haverly is in retirement, cooking up a name for a minstrel troupe that will knock Hooley & Emerson silly with astonishment. He is on his sixteenth syllable and is in perfect health.

MARQUIS OF LORNGATHE

On the morning of the 27th ult., the body of a man was found at the mouth of the Niagara River, at Lake Ontario divested of all clothing. The throat was gashed. One leg was sawed off. There was no means of identification. Every indication points to murder. The body is not that of Walker, the river pirate, who went over the Falls some time ago. The body had been cut a short time in the water.

In Passaic, N. J., at a late hour on Monday night, 30th ult., James King, a giant in size and strength, returned home and found his wife's brother, whom he did not know, at his house. As soon as the latter left, which was almost immediately, King began an assault. In vain his wife protested and tried to explain. He raised a heavy chair and brought it down on her head until the woman sank a lifeless mass to the floor, and her would-be murderer fled, but was pursued by citizens and Chief of Police Oldis and his men, and caught near Rutherford. The chief and two officers, in plain dress, were in a wagon, and about passing King unnoticed, when Oldis sprang out on the fellow's back. He fought like a tiger, and when finally subdued, it is said, declared he had come home with the intention of killing his wife, and was glad he had "finished her." In taking their prisoner to the station house the police were compelled to fight every step of the way, as the citizens, headed by the brother of Mrs. King, insisted on gaining possession of the prisoner, whom they had made every preparation to hang. In defending him Chief Oldis sustained a fracture of an arm, and several of the officers were wounded. King was finally locked up, and after having been examined by Judge Martin was committed to jail. The wife's wounds are of the ghastliest description, and her death is regarded as inevitable.

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A FEW advertisements will be inserted on this page a 50c. per line, met, payable in advance, for each and every insertion. No electrolytes or advertisements of a questionable character accepted.

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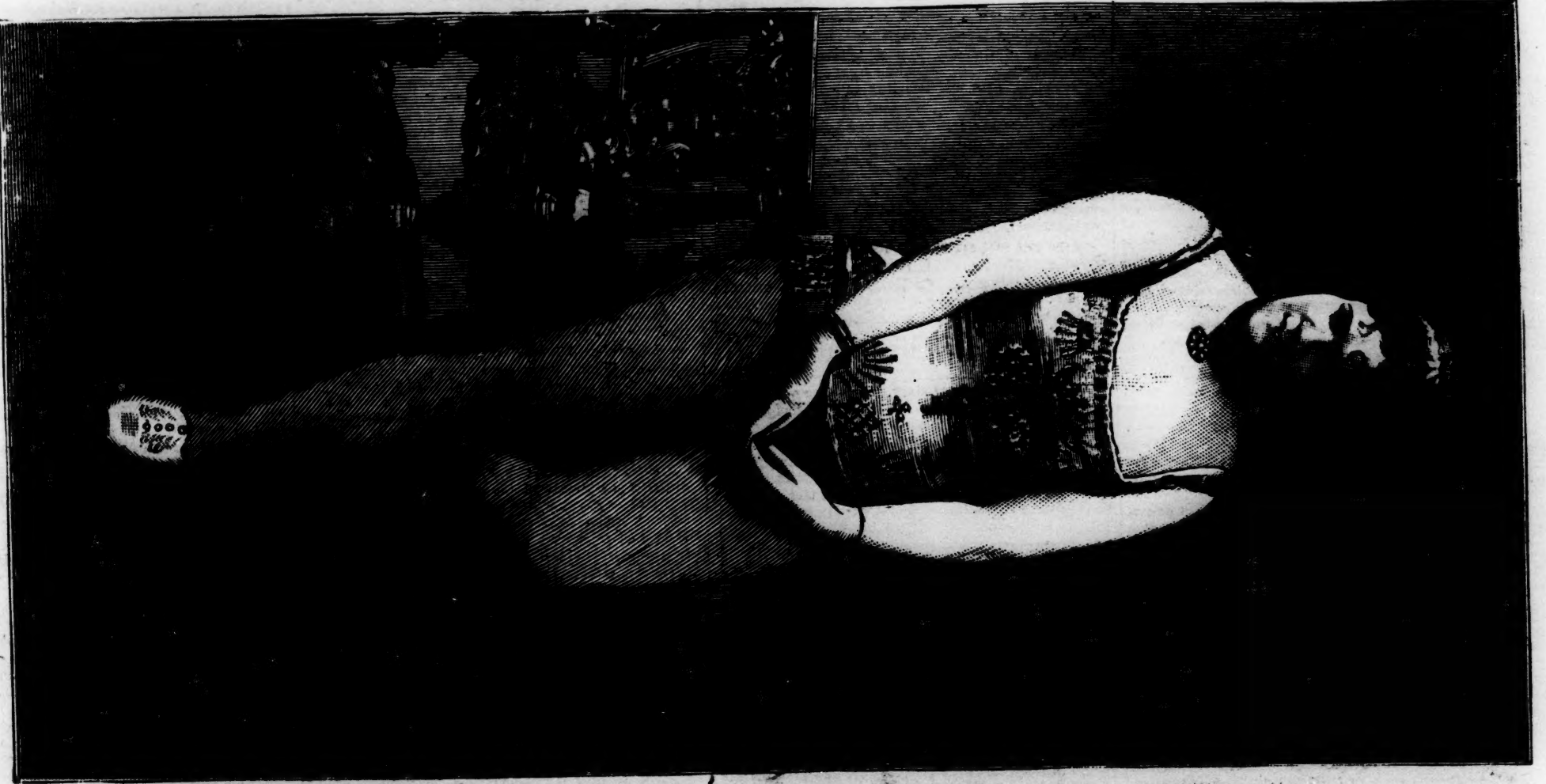
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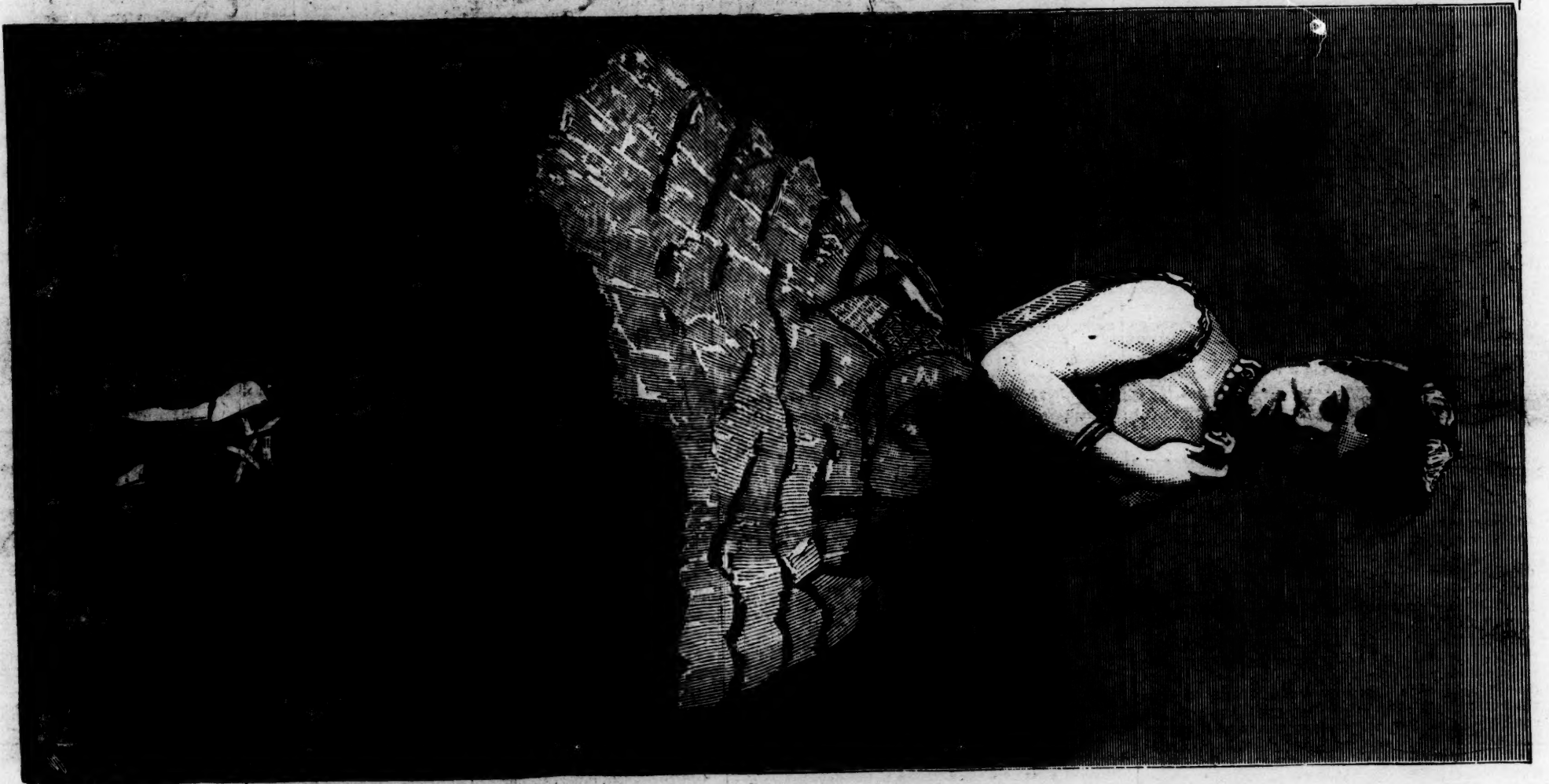
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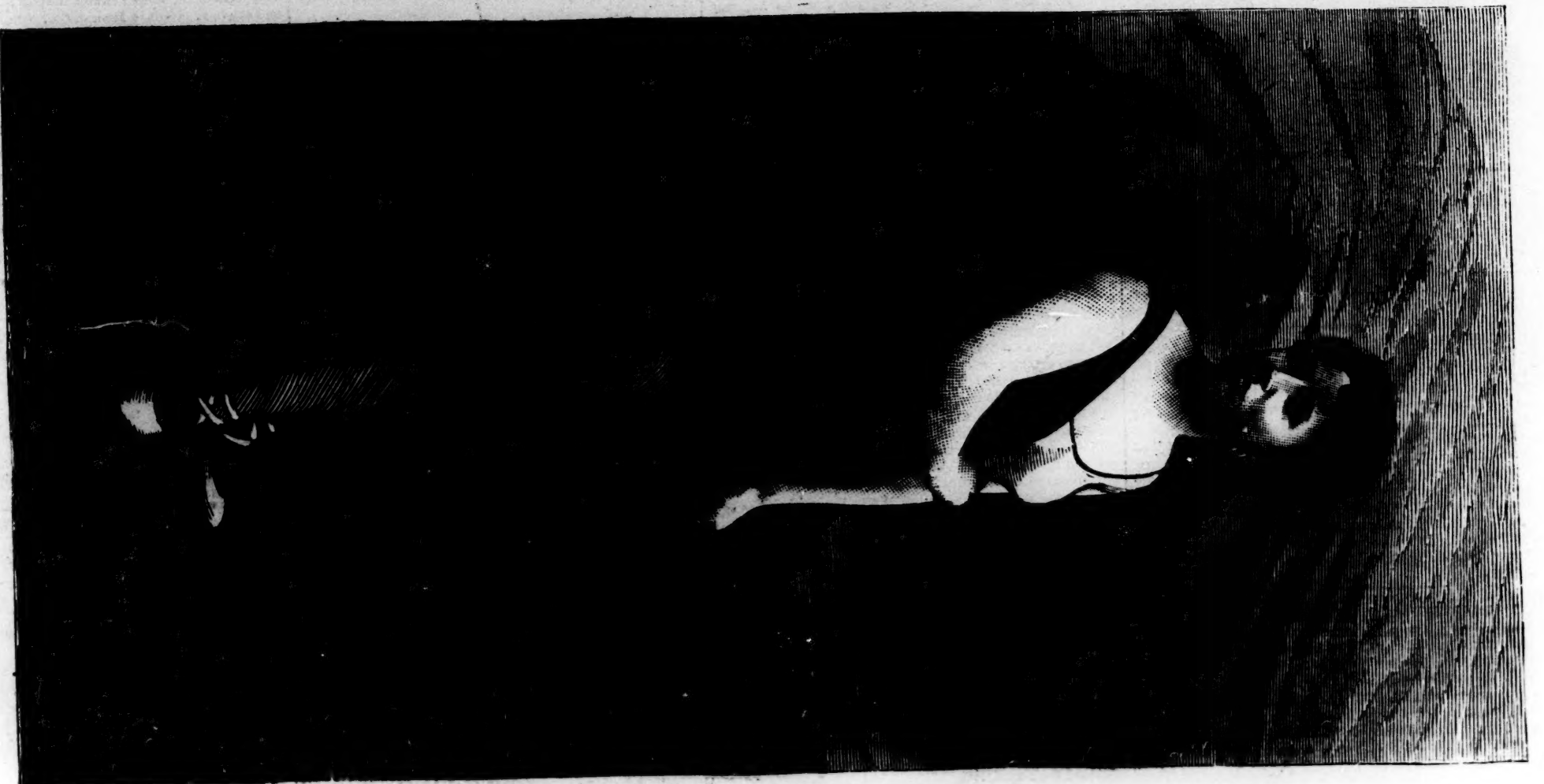
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